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The Week

THE most sensational domestic news of the week ending March 2 was the announcement that the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Company, the largest unit of U. S. Steel, was peaceably negotiating with a genuine union—the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, with its CIO backing. . . . The Supreme Court, by a five-to-four vote, again validated the gold clause, this time in a case involving a rental contract. This is one of the few important pieces of New Deal legislation which the Court has refrained from upsetting. . . . Chrysler consented to negotiate with the United Automobile Workers. Sit-downers were forcibly ejected, by tear gas and other measures, from the Fansteel plant and the Douglas aircraft factory, while court or police orders produced the same effect at the Electric Boat Company in New London and other places. Nevertheless the strikes in question continued, while the debate raged about the sit-down as a weapon. A general strike of the already well organized hosiery workers in Berks County, Pennsylvania, sought further gains for the union. CIO organizing activity was reported in numerous industrial centers. . . . Senator Wagner introduced a carefully drawn housing bill, intended to promote slum clearance and decent dwellings for those of small income, by loans at low interest, cash subsidies and a new administrative set-up.

THE Spanish war continued active with both loyalists and rebels claiming successes, but no decisive change, while the other powers clamped down their embargo on volunteers and prepared to enforce a blockade against arms and munitions. The Soviet Union, after being conceded the right to participate in the naval blockade, voluntarily declined to exercise the privilege, because of the inadequacy of her navy for this duty. . . . Foreign Minister Neurath of Germany visited Vienna in what was supposed to be an attempt to cement German-Austrian relations and prevent the return of the Hapsburgs; nobody knows exactly what he accomplished, but external indications were unfavorable. . . . In elections under the new Indian Constitution an enlarged but still highly restricted electorate returned candidates of the Congress Party by overwhelming majorities. This party, led by Nehru, favors complete independence and an uncompromising resistance to British rule. . . . In Ethiopia the Italians crushed a rebellion, executing thousands of natives, including Ras Desta Demtu. Although the Italian commander reported to Rome that resistance was now ended, it is probable that guerilla warfare will continue for some time to come.

A STARTLING victory for the CIO and the whole American labor movement was registered when the U. S. Steel Corporation, through its largest subsidiary, Carnegie-Illinois, entered negotiations with the union leaders which may lead to a contract covering hours, wages and conditions of work. Most of the big independents, on hearing this news, immediately announced wage increases and reduction of the standard working week to forty hours. U. S. Steel has been, ever since its foundation, the largest and most determined opponent of unionism in the United States. It was the very citadel of the anti-labor movement. In the Carnegie plant at Homestead, Pennsylvania, a bloody strike was suppressed in 1899. In 1919, under Judge Gary, the Corporation resisted to the bitter end a strike against the twelve-hour day and the seven-

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day week. Everyone expected that the organizing campaign of the CIO would result this time in a bitter strike beginning on or before April 1. But the employers wisely decided to listen to reason and yield to the trend of the times. Reason was, of course, strongly reinforced by the rapid progress of the organizing campaign, the victory of the motor workers in enforcing collective bargaining on General Motors, the fact that political control of state and local authorities had passed from the employers to labor, the overwhelming election of Mr. Roosevelt with his liberal labor policy, and the present activity in steel production, with larger business in sight.

THE nation's experience with the proposed child-labor amendment should be pondered deeply by those who favor constitutional amendment as opposed to the President's Court plan. There is little question that an overwhelming majority of people in this country disapprove of child labor, and that the effort to abolish it by legislation of separate states encounters competitive obstacles. The amendment has been awaiting ratification for many years. It is bitterly opposed by political reactionaries who object on principle to any extension of federal power, by a large part of the Catholic hierarchy (though many prominent Catholics support the measure), which wants to protect its own control of children from any form of state intervention, and by employers of child labor like the newspapers. Alarmist misrepresentation by these small minorities has brought them a small but determined following. By pressure on legislatures they have hitherto prevented ratification of the amendment by the necessary three-fourths of the states. Twenty-eight out of the required thirty-six have now ratified the amendment, but Catholic opposition delays action in states like New York, in spite of support for the measure by the President, the Governor, organized labor and the bulk of public opinion. If it is so difficult to amend the Constitution in the case of a simple thing like child labor, what difficulties may not be encountered by more ambitious changes?

SIX Governors united recently in urging President Roosevelt to bar any drastic cuts in WPA and in their message set forth a six-point program that seems both sane and practicable. In a telegram to the President the six Governors (Lehman of New York, Benson of Minnesota, Horner of Illinois, Hurley of Massachusetts, La Follette of Wisconsin and Quinn of Rhode Island) declared that the cost of relief of employables could not be borne by the states and local units of government and protested the placing of this burden upon them. The six points enumerated in the telegram signed by the Governors are as follows:

> 1. In accordance with the policy advocated by you in 1935, the federal government should offer work relief and other forms of employment to all the needy employables.
>
> 2. We believe that WPA workers should not be removed from the rolls until they can be absorbed in private industry.
>
> 3. When WPA workers are removed they should be replaced by other needy employables taken from the relief rolls.
>
> 4. In order to encourage WPA workers to accept private employment, procedure should be simplified to assure reëmployment on WPA rolls when private employment of them ceases.
>
> 5. The cost of relief to employables cannot be borne by local units of government, and we protest against the imposition of this burden on the states and local units of government.
>
> 6. It is important for the federal and state governments to coöperate in a program that will encourage industry to provide additional opportunities for private employment for those on WPA and state relief rolls as far as possible.

The telegram concluded with a request that an early conference be held in order to develop a sound and efficient relief program. We feel that not only should the conference be held but that the administration should give its serious attention to the Governors' program. The mere fact that they reached similar conclusions about relief on the basis of experience in such widely separated parts of the country should convince Mr. Roosevelt that any drastic curtailment of WPA would be contrary to the wishes and the best interests of our people.

NEW JERSEY is making a strong bid for the title of Fascist Principality Number One in the United States. Governor Hoffman has publicly set forth his preference for bloodshed rather than the peaceful conduct of a sit-down strike, and has followed his original statement with supplementary speeches and interviews in which smugness vies with belligerence as he uses the resources of the state to carry on the employers' war against the CIO. Meanwhile the congested areas of New Jersey opposite New York City contain some of the worst jungles of industrial exploitation to be found anywhere in the country. Sweatshops, "runaway" factories, exploiters of every size and type find a haven in Hudson County, whose Chamber of Commerce boasts that more than 80 percent of its industries are open-shop. The political boss of Hudson County is Mayor Hague of Jersey City, who has set some records of his own in high-handed methods of dealing with industrial disputes. During the recent seamen's strike Mayor Hague's police force closed up restaurants on the ground that they actually served food to Communists. Long experience has taught one to expect injunctions, arrests for picketing and other denials of basic rights in New Jersey (the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners has compiled an impressive list of such incidents), but when a man is arrested on the suspicion that he may be a seaman who may be going to picket and a restaurant is closed because it may be going to serve food to a possible Communist this becomes almost a surrealism of oppression.

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WE CAN see no justice whatever in the action of the State Department in denying passports to the members of an American ambulance unit because the applicants would not swear not to go to Spain. This unit was organized by the American Friends of Spanish Democracy to carry sorely needed medical aid to the Spanish government forces. The medical unit would work behind the lines; it would be in no sense a combat force and its purpose would be purely humanitarian. In any war such action is permissible to neutrals. We fail to see how it violates either the letter or spirit of the neutrality legislation which in itself went directly counter to established international practice by specifically barring the sale of arms and war supplies to a peaceful and friendly government engaged in putting down a rebellion within its own borders. Pending in the House of Representatives now is the McReynolds bill, which would go even farther and make it illegal to collect funds for a warring government. This is contrary to all precedents and would work a severe hardship upon the beleaguered people of Spain. An outstanding feature of Franco's brand of "warfare" is the merciless gunning and bombing of civilian populations. America's impulse, naturally, is to help the victims of such attacks. The latest move comes from the American Friends' Service Committee, which is organizing a non-partisan relief commission to aid war victims on both sides of the Spanish conflict. In the name of simple humanity, relief and medical missions should be allowed to do whatever they can toward alleviating the suffering in Spain.

AN ENTERPRISE that deserves the fullest support of everybody who believes in democracy is The Nation's "Food Ship." Announced last week, the "Food Ship" plans to sail within the coming month; carrying meat, flour, eggs, condensed milk and other supplies to the thousands of noncombatants evacuated from Madrid and the other thousands fleeing from Malaga. It is destined to aid women, children and old people—the noncombatants who are the most pitiful victims of the war. The Nation, in asking for money to buy the shipload of food, guarantees that all funds collected will be used to aid noncombatants exclusively. Helen Woodward is the chairman of the committee in charge. Other members of the committee are Margaret Marshall, Freda Kirchwey, Max Lerner and Hugo Van Arx. We urge all our readers to make whatever contribution they can. Checks should be made payable to The Nation, and addressed to 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

THE iron heel of fascism came down mercilessly in Ethiopia last week when an undetermined number of natives—possibly as many as 1,800—were executed after an attempt was made to assassinate Viceroy Rodolfo Graziani and other high Italian officials. Also executed was Ras Desta Demtu, son-in-law of Haile Selassie, after his column of 3,000 natives was overwhelmed by an Italian contingent in the lake district of Addis Ababa. Remonstrances, protests, outcries—these are now futile. The Italian program of "pacification" will continue to go on because Mussolini, like Hitler, has been getting away with things so long that he thinks he can keep on getting away with them forever. The only value this latest mass murder can have to us is to make plain—if it is not plain already—what happens under a fascist regime. It also makes plain the falsity of Mussolini's propaganda which declared that the Ethiopians would welcome their conqueror with open arms. No people—despite the bombastic utterances of the Fascist Big Three—ever welcome an invader who comes to pillage, murder and destroy. The reckless courage of the native who hurled the hand grenade into the midst of his conquerors is eloquent and tragic testimony to man's fundamental desire to be free. He belongs in the same company as those unknown and obscure heroes who have lost their lives in Spain.

IT IS a pleasure to report that the Horton sedition bill was defeated in the Arkansas House of Representatives by a majority of forty-six votes to nineteen. This was the bill that, under the guise of barring the study of communism in the state, was actually aimed at the destruction of Commonwealth College. It was supported mainly by the reactionary cotton planters who resented the aid given by the school in organizing the impoverished tenant farmers and sharecroppers. Neither the planters' money, however, nor a sensation-mongering article in Liberty magazine could bring about passage of the bill. Meanwhile the Southern resident labor colleges, Highlander Folk School at Monteagle, Tennessee, and Commonwealth College at Mena, Arkansas, are asking that progressives and labor lend support in a campaign for funds to continue the work of the schools.

NOT the least important event of the week was the elevation, at long last, of stripping to the status of a genuine and indigenous American art. Like many others, despite the careful attention we have given to the routines of such distinguished *artistes* as Miss Toots Brawner and Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, we have always thought that stripping was a fairly simple procedure. It appears, however, from testimony given before the House Immigration Committee by Herbert and Morton Minsky, that true stripping calls for a discipline as strict as that demanded in writing a sonnet. "Strip-tease artists," said Mr. Minsky, who was revealed as the more articulate of the two brothers, "have to be trained and schooled. They have to be taught rhythm in a manner synchronous with the music. They are taught to strip and unclothe by specialists in the atmosphere and lighting of the stage." We are glad to have this information, coming as it does from the most privy council, but it leaves us with a vague feeling of unhappiness we feel others must share. We always thought the girls were just acting natural.

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TO THOSE who have regarded the Scripps-Howard papers as liberal and progressive in outlook it will come as a shock to learn that this liberal and progressive outlook does not embrace genuine collective bargaining with their editorial employees. In recent months various units of the American Newspaper Guild have attempted to bargain with papers in the chain and have everywhere found the various local managements adamant. As a consequence, negotiations have come to a deadlock. Thus while the Scripps-Howard chain has repeatedly supported collective bargaining in its editorial columns, it now develops that the management has adopted an extremely disingenuous interpretation of the term. It is willing to "negotiate" and to "recognize" the Guild as a bargaining agent, but it is unwilling to regard the Guild as a principal or sign an agreement with anyone but its own employees. This is the sort of slipperiness one expects of high-priced corporation lawyers who are out to sabotage true collective bargaining; it is hardly what one expects of an enlightened newspaper publisher. Equally incredible is the Scripps-Howard refusal to grant the Guild a preferential shop because this would discredit the papers in the eyes of the public as being pro-labor. If the management really believed this, it would have to confess that The New York World-Telegram, where 90 percent of the staff is in the Guild, is already 90-percent discredited. Significantly, The New York Daily News, with a circulation of 2,000,000, found no such obstacles to a signed contract or preferential shop with the Guild. The News, in fact, praised the work of its reporters in the auto strike as "unbiased, objective, interesting and enterprising." The Guild is now asking the Scripps-Howard chain to make up its mind on whether it really means to bargain collectively or intends to hide behind the "freedom of the press" subterfuge.

IF THE meeting of the National Education Association in New Orleans last week is any indication of which way the wind is blowing, the old charge that teachers live in a world vacuumized from the rest of life will have to be withdrawn. Thousands of school administrators, assembling for the annual convention of the Department of Superintendence, adopted resolutions favoring a draft of all national resources in time of war; a bill to take the profits out of war; the pending congressional measure which would allocate $100,000,000 in federal funds for state schools; and the repeal of the "Red rider" which forbids the teaching of communism in District of Columbia schools. Needless to say, we are in full agreement with the resolutions passed by the educators and take this opportunity to congratulate them on their progressive, social-minded stand. The minds of tomorrow depend largely upon the teachers of today; and the men and women who are working toward a greater liberalism both in education and in life should be supported whenever and wherever possible.

The Court as Guardian of Liberty

PROBABLY the most telling argument against Mr. Roosevelt's Supreme Court proposal, among those who understand the need for an interpretation of the Constitution that will permit legislation of a kind now invalidated by the Court, is that if a progressive President can enlarge the Court and pack it with men in accord with his views, a reactionary President could do it too. By "tampering" with the Court in this way we are opening a road to fascist dictatorship. This argument seems to us as badly grounded in political understanding as it is appealing on the surface.

First we must consider what would happen during future administrations under the new bill itself, if it now becomes a law. With the enlargement of the Court, there would be a greater likelihood of retirements or deaths among its members during any given administration. The chance to appoint new members would also be increased by the provision that if any Justice does not retire six months after reaching the age of seventy, an additional member may be appointed to match him. All this means that there would be more frequent changes in the composition of the Court. If Mr. Roosevelt, by his new appointments, creates a Court that would interpret the Constitution more liberally, a future President with conservative views might have opportunity to reverse the action and restore a majority like the present one. True enough. But if the country should turn conservative and again elect a backward-looking President, what believer in democracy would uphold a liberal judicial dictatorship, any more than at present we desire a conservative one? There is no device or machinery of government that will make progressivism permanent, unless the voters themselves continue to be progressive. On the other hand, there is a positive gain in making the Court more flexible and responsive to the needs of the time. In the end such a change would probably keep us less bound to prejudices of the past.

Next there is the question of the precedent created by the present measure. If a new President wished a sudden and drastic change, he might again ask Congress to enlarge the Court so that he could at once alter its complexion. But this sort of thing does not and cannot happen frequently. Consider the difficulty President Roosevelt is having with the present proposal, after the Court has invalidated a whole series of measures thought necessary to deal with one of the greatest crises the country ever faced, and after he has been reëlected by one of the heaviest landslides in history. No President would even propose such a thing, not to speak of being able to carry it through, except in extraordinary circumstances and without overwhelming popular support. In order to effectuate it he would of course have to be backed by the necessary legislative majority, and

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his appointments to the Court would in turn have to pass the scrutiny of the Senate. Thus the action is not one that could ever be put over by a self-seeking minority or a dictatorial individual.

Presidents like Coolidge or Hoover would never need to change the character of the Court. The Court has no power to initiate legislation, but only to curb it. But the watchword of Coolidge and Hoover was governmental inaction, in order to give the greatest possible scope to private enterprise. To carry out this purpose, little legislation is necessary that would encounter constitutional obstacles, whether from liberal or conservative Justices.

Finally there is the basic assumption that the Supreme Court, if kept far enough beyond the influence of the President and Congress, could save us from a fascist dictatorship by the simple process of declaring laws or executive acts unconstitutional. This seems to us as naïve as any political superstition we have ever encountered. No fascist dictatorship would be possible in the first place unless a movement favoring it arose that either enlisted a huge popular support or else used force so unscrupulously that it could keep the majority in subjection regardless of laws and courts. The idea that a rude and ruthless movement could be held in check by nine elderly gentlemen in black robes is absurd.

Those who are impressed by this argument should ponder a few simple but fundamental political principles. No mere machinery of government ever succeeds in obstructing great social upheavals. Such upheavals come when society operates so badly under existing institutions that change is welcomed by many and powerful groups. Crises of this sort arise when institutions fail to be altered in response to changing needs. In our present machinery of government, the Supreme Court is found, nine times out of ten, on the side of those opposed to progressive and gradual development of institutions. To guard against fascism or other violent upheaval, one of the most necessary steps is to make the Court more flexible and responsive to public need.

Trade in Peace and War

CONGRESS has passed the bill extending for three years the present method of reducing tariffs by reciprocal agreement, and is about to pass a bill intended to keep us out of war by placing severe limitations on the use of our shipping, exports and loans by future belligerents. These measures, each of which is regarded as desirable by a large group of the same people, are thought by many political commentators—including, as it is rumored, the staff of the Department of State itself—to be mutually inconsistent. Let us examine them to see whether they are inharmonious or not.

The reciprocal tariff act is probably the best means ever invented in this country to get protective-tariff barriers reduced. It takes the whole matter out of Congress by delegating it to the Department of State. Whenever Congress considers a general tariff bill, it is faced with lobbies of numerous interests wanting duties on their own products increased, but with almost no lobby representing the consumers or the general interest in getting duties down. By the familiar process of logrolling and trading favors, the result is almost inevitably more "protection" than before. Under the existing act the State Department is allowed to make agreements with individual nations on the basis of reductions in import duties. Every relaxation of a barrier obstructing imports into this country is matched by a similar relaxation of a barrier against our exports. The agreements are preceded by long and careful study, but they do not have to be accompanied by public hearings or be ratified by the Senate. Thus the effective pressure operates to lower tariff walls rather than to raise them. Progress is slow, but this deliberation prevents any sudden shock of readjustment.

The Pittman bill to keep us out of war—the Senator wisely refuses to call it a "neutrality" measure—forbids the export of arms, munitions or implements of war to belligerents, and forbids the sale to belligerents of other materials, the export of which the President may decide is endangering our peace, unless such materials are paid for in cash, pass into the possession of the purchaser before leaving our ports, and are carried in foreign ships. It forbids loans or credits to belligerents. Certain other restrictions on shipping and travel are aimed at avoiding dangerous incidents. The Rayburn bill, introduced into the House, is somewhat less drastic, giving the President more discretion. Neither bill, however, grants the President any discretion to discriminate among belligerents according to which side is supposed to be the aggressor, or on any other basis. The Pittman bill, though subject to minor improvements, is substantially the sort of measure advocated by The New Republic. The main oversight of both bills is failure to provide for building up in this country, in advance of hostilities, stocks of essential materials which must be imported and which might be difficult to obtain after war started.

The apparent conflict between the Hull and the Pittman policies is, in a word, that one contemplates enlarging international trade while the other contemplates restricting it. Secretary Hull, a devoted follower of the liberal tradition, believes that expansion of international trade is not only essential for world prosperity, but is one of the best ways of preventing world war. His mind is concentrated on the possibility of preventing war rather than of staying out of it after it comes. If we now decide to restrict trade when war comes, the argument runs, and if there is a real danger of war, then nations that expect to be involved will hesitate to adjust their economies to larger trade with us even in peacetime, because the shock of change when war breaks out would be too great. They will, rather, strive to be self-sufficient or will at least build up their trade with nations upon whom they can still rely in war.

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We, on our side, are also encouraged to be as self-sufficient as possible in order to be prepared for the time when exports will be restricted. Thus war is actually made more likely.

If this were all that was involved, there would indeed be a sharp conflict between the two types of policy. But still the weight of judgment would not necessarily lie on Secretary Hull's side of the scales. Will tariff reduction proceed rapidly enough to relieve the economic pressures making for war? And what about all the many other factors involved? Tariffs were far lower in 1914 than they are now, or are likely to be in the next ten years, but that did not prevent the calamity. Are not the chances of a new conflict too great to be ignored in the interest of this one policy? And if war comes, what safeguards have we against becoming involved, without something like the Pittman bill? Certainly not the policy apparently favored by the Department of State, which would like to threaten discrimination against the aggressors, or against the non-democratic powers. To place the seal of governmental approval on one side of the conflict, while building up an enormous export trade to it, would be the surest way of getting us in. To take such a risk in the hope that our present attitude would prevent war entirely is more of a gamble than the American people are prepared to sanction.

But such a flat choice is not all that is involved. The "cash-and-carry" plan embodied in the Pittman bill does not mean that our exports to belligerents would be entirely cut off, or even drastically reduced, when war broke out. Foreign nationals have in this country cash balances, and securities that could be converted into cash, aggregating over $7,000,000,000. With this they could continue to buy for a long time without borrowing anything here. In addition they could buy with whatever gold they could ship us, and with whatever commodities and services they could sell us. The "cash-and-carry" plan would therefore merely help to restrain the growth of a war boom rather than reducing exports below normal levels. In addition, of course, it would help to prevent us from becoming involved through naval interference with ships or shipments belonging to citizens of this country.

It is a relevant fact that the nations that have the largest cash purchasing power in the United States are also the nations that have the largest stake in foreign trade in times of peace and do most to encourage it. The more they can sell abroad, the more opportunity they have to build up cash balances and investments abroad, and gold reserves at home. And of course no nation can continue long to export without importing. Great Britain, which has always paid particular attention to foreign trade and investment, and whose prosperity is largely dependent upon it, has the lion's share of cash purchasing power in the United States. France has less, but still a great deal. Germany and Italy, however, which have recently tried to replace imports by development of their own resources, have by comparison infinitesimal cash resources in this country. The truth is that the nations with which our trade bulks largest in peace would also be those which could buy most in war under the "cash-and-carry" plan.

It is also a relevant fact that the nations which have the more peaceful intentions, and the less aggressive plans, are those that strive hardest to enlarge their peacetime commerce, while the war-planning dictatorships are those that prepare most energetically to live on their own resources.

In view of these two facts, it appears to us that the Hull reciprocal treaties and the bills to keep us out of war may be regarded as compensatory parts of a single policy. We say to other nations in effect: If you are planning peace, enlarge your trade with us by agreeing to reduce the barriers to it. The more you do in this direction, the more you can buy from us if war comes. On the other hand, if you are planning war, and so try to restrict your foreign commerce to the smallest possible dimensions in peacetime, you will find that you can buy little from us after you become involved in aggression.

It is also said that the questions discussed above are academic, since Great Britain controls the Atlantic, and will in time of war permit trade only with herself and her allies. Powers that rule the seas always police war trade. But that is not the whole story. Any nation that could not buy in this country would have no trade with us to be policed. It is, furthermore, quite possible that formidable challenges to British sea power might develop, as during the last World War in the case of German submarines. In any case we must submit to the decisions of any nation policing sea-borne commerce, unless we wish to contest with her control of the seas, and that means entering the war. To say impartially to the world, you can buy here if you will pay cash and be responsible for taking away your purchases, is the best way out of all such complications. It ought to satisfy everyone except the person who honestly believes that there is more to be gained from entering the next war on the "right" side than from staying out of it.

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Why Did We Go to War?

IN MY articles in The New Republic, later reprinted as "The Devil Theory of War," I distinctly repudiated the idea of linear chains of causation in history and the simple thesis that bankers and munitioneers caused the entrance of the United States into the World War. In my article on Mr. Newton D. Baker's idealistic explanation of the way we got into the War, I insisted upon bringing indubitable economic facts into consideration.

Against both these excursions on my part, floods of protests came to my desk—from the Left and the Right. Those who did not let anger get the better of their judgment brought a lot more facts to my attention—facts which I had not mentioned in my articles. All asked in effect: "Since you think you are so smart, just tell us why we did get into the War? If economic greed was not responsible and noble ideals were not responsible, in heaven's name, why did we go to war?"

This question is as easy to ask as the child's question: Who made God? By way of explanation, I would like to say that I did not in the above-mentioned articles take up that question at all. I have attempted no "explanation" of America's entrance into the War. I have not attempted to describe "the road" to war. Nor do I propose to do that here. Even to pose the intellectual and factual problem raised by the question would give a headache to the glib writers who imagine themselves capable of answering it. However, I venture to raise certain points for consideration by those who are sure they can "explain why" we went to war.

The first point is that our going to war was preceded by multitudes of events in Europe, was to some extent determined and to some extent conditioned by the posture of and conduct of human affairs in Europe before April 6, 1917. In other words, there was a vast and complicated historical background context in which the Wilson administration made its fateful decisions. To some extent that background context had been shaped by previous decisions of that administration itself, such as its policy with respect to Great Britain's flagrant violations of historic rights in neutral commerce. A quest for an "explanation" of that background-context leads us straight into the origins of the War in Europe and motives and interests of the several powers engaged in it. That quest, too, will give my questioneers a headache.

My second point for consideration is that the most fundamental of all questions concerning the origins of the War in Europe remains unanswered: Who was responsible for the outbreak of the War in 1914? And in my opinion, it will remain forever unanswered. Why do I venture this opinion in the face of the historians who think that they have answered the question?

I have read thousands of pages dealing with the question. My shelves fairly groan with books and documents on the subject, including the whole of the mighty "Grosse Politik." I have read with care the best of the secondary treatises on the topic—Fay, Schmitt, Barnes, Renouvin and the rest. The German periodical devoted to it comes regularly to my desk and each time I look in it for more light, only to discover old clichés. In none of these works have I even seen posed the intellectual problem which would have to be solved in the determination of responsibility for the outbreak of the World War in Europe.

The problem, as I am given to see it, is as follows: In order to determine who was responsible for the outbreak of the War, it will be necessary to show that some person in authority made a decision and a statement which he knew would bring the reaction in the minds of opposite negotiators that would inevitably culminate in war.

My contention is that none of the foreign ministers on either side knew enough about the mental processes on the other side to *know* that any specific decision and statement which they made would produce *at the time* a resolve to war. Historians looking back sometimes imagine themselves able to see that a specific act or declaration did produce a given effect; but that is not enough. They must show that the person who decided or declared knew *at the time* what the consequences would be in the mind of the other party.

I repeat, this problem has not been posed by historians guilty of talking about "war guilt"—at least to my knowledge. None of the books on war origins solves it. In the nature of things these books cannot solve it.

But assuming that they could show that some responsible authority in the summer of 1914 made a declaration or decision which he knew *at the time he made it* would produce in the minds of the opposite parties the reaction leading to war, still the matter of "cause" or "responsibility" would not be determined. If that person could be found "in the documents," we should still have to inquire into the nature of his personality. Every psychologist who has lifted his nose out of psychology long enough to become aware of the social context in which personalities grow and are formed knows that every personality is enmeshed in his historical and social context.

As M. Bouglé says in his "Bilan de la Sociologie Française Contemporaine": "The most profound element of personality and psychic life, our mem-

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ory, borrows from society the forms [*cadres*] without which it cannot be constructed, as M. Halbwachs has demonstrated in his beautiful book, 'Les Cadres Sociaux de la Memoire'."

To make the matter concrete, let us assume that the Kaiser really did make a decision or declaration which he knew at the time would produce in the minds of the opposite parties the reaction that would lead to war. Suppose he did? Was he an isolated personality on Olympus, untouched by all that he had come into contact with? Was he pure will, self-determining, self-resolving, uninfluenced by his immediate surroundings (personalities and events) and the enclosing surroundings (personalities and events) in Great Britain, France, Russia, Japan and so forth? Of course not. The Kaiser was in some part unique, himself (perhaps); and he was in part *les cadres sociaux de sa memoire.*

When the historian who "knows who was responsible" takes the next inexorable step (if truth be his goal), then he faces the question: *"What* in that *who* influenced the *who?"* Yea, verily. A search for the fullness of the whole business leads exactly to that question and to the next question: What is the intimate nature of all history in which personalities and events take place? That question must be referred to Omniscience. Since we cannot *know* the whole truth, we must be content with as much as we can get. Now to return.

My third point for consideration is that whoever pretends to know "the cause" of America's entrance into the World War is up against the same kind of proposition that confronts those who are trying to find out who or what was respnsible for the outbreak of the War in 1914. He confronts a similar, vast complexity of relations ramifying throughout the United States and outward into the four corners of the earth. He can find no single cause that was isolated in fact from the totality of personalities and events. The whole truth is beyond his grasp.

My fourth point is: Why try to do anything except to serve one's pocket, feed one's vanity, display one's conceit or defend one's crowd? Some clues to this problem may be found in Westermarck's "Origin and Development of Moral Ideas," Vol. II, chapters on "The Regard for Other Persons' Happiness in General; Gratitude; and Cosmopolitanism."

Many reasons, both good and real, may be advanced for doing something. Though dubious about the realism of the reasons men put forward for their actions, including those that well up in my own consciousness, I submit one reason for trying to get at this business of why we went to war. We cannot know the whole truth, but we can know many relevant truths. Unless we are to surrender to belief that truth is of no significance whatever for life, we must seek to get at all the truth we can discover. Surely practice without knowledge is dangerous. We must seek likewise to get rid of all the illusions we can, however dear they may be, on the assumption that in the long run delusions are dangerous, and that as much truth as we can find is good for us.

Now we confront the possibility of another war in Europe. If we want to stay out of it, we can find some assistance in all the truth we can get about how we became involved in the last war. Even if we are thirsting for another war ourselves, either for democracy or anything else, we can profit from knowledge of our entanglements in the last war.

My fifth point is: What to do in getting at truth about why we became involved in the World War? It is to take into consideration all the relevant facts we can discover. That also is an impossible task, but we can try. A hint may be given respecting the classes of such facts. They include the racial, or nationality, elements in American population at the time—British, German, Irish, Jewish, Slavic and so forth; their ideas, historic passions and grudges. They include the ideas and ideals then existing in American heads. Whatever their origins, many of these ideas and ideals were not vitally and immediately related to the economic interests of the persons who held them or were dominated by them. Long before the immediate economic advantages of war trade were disclosed, millions of American people had made up their minds for or against one or the other of the belligerent alignments.

Into this context were thrown the widespread and growing economic interests, whose transactions were facilitated by bankers who induced the Wilson administration to lift its bans on credits and loans. The monetary nerve of powerful concerns and individuals was linked with the war fortunes of the Entente Allies. Thus were created titanic forces ready to support Wilson when he made the great decision. If these titanic interests had been arrayed on the other side, could he have made the decision and carried it out? There can scarcely be any question that multitudes of people who sold goods directly or indirectly to the Entente Allies would have sold goods to the other side if the British blockade had not prevented it.

Here, then, are some of the conditions that made possible Wilson's decision. What "caused" that decision I do not pretend to know; nor do I give any credence to the pretensions of others on this point. It seems certain that by descent, by traditions, by ideals, President Wilson's sympathies were, in the main, on the side of the Entente Allies, much as he was irritated by the pressures, misrepresentations and propaganda of Entente agents. It is certain also that Wilson was considering "taking" the United States into the War on the Entente side as early as 1916, and to some extent maneuvering in that direction. At that time the submarine "menace" was temporarily in abeyance. It is certain that the Wilson administration was more or less dimly aware that continued violations of historic rights on the seas would incline the German government

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to resort to a renewal of the submarine war. It is certain that President Wilson said that he thought the United States would have gone to war even if Germany had committed no acts of injustice against the United States and its citizens. It is certain that bankers requested changes in the policy of the administration on credits and loans, and that President Wilson acceded to these requests.

But amid the many certainties, remains unanswered and, in my belief, forever unanswerable, the question: Why did we go to war?

I know from the flood of letters I have received and the denunciations that have been pronounced on my gray head, that this conclusion will make still more angry those who are sure they know the answer. My position will be condemned as "unscientific," as "unpatriotic," as "lending countenance to ignorance," and, as a writer in The Saturday Review has it, as encouraging the "miracle mongers." So be it. I leave the answer to the war question to those who are sure they know it. I am not able to take any absolutist position on it. Perhaps, I am just "an old-fashioned liberal," so contemptible to the possessors of omniscient certitude, on the Right as well as the Left (in this there is not the slightest difference between them). An old-fashioned liberal, as the late Justice Holmes once put it to me, is merely a person who does not imagine himself to be God.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

The Next Four Years

A Summary

MOST Americans have now forgotten the mood of the depression and the early months of the New Deal. Yet it is wholesome to recall that mood before trying to see where we are, and to look ahead. It was a profoundly disturbing experience, in which the foundations of economic assurance seemed to be melting away. Many were frightened and desperate, many more were willing to accept drastic change—almost any change—in the belief that what would result could not be worse than what they had experienced. It was a time of confusion in thought and flux in social movements. But now that we are no longer on the edge of despair we have forgotten how close we were to it; the horizon seems to be calm and hopeful again. We like to pretend that nothing really happened, and that life in this nation can go on in just the same way that it did before. We have returned home to the familiar and the traditional; our rescue has deadened the sense of adventure, and our scare, demanding concealment under the crust of the commonplace, has made us more conservative.

But it is not true that nothing has changed. An experience of this kind cannot be without consequences, concealed though they may be from the casual glance. And even if no change had occurred, we could gain no assurance by returning to exactly the same house that fell in about our ears. The social structure has been altered somewhat, and even if it had not, it ought to have been.

One prevalent observation in the early months of the last four years is particularly worth remembering. The many measures inaugurated by the Roosevelt administration were under close scrutiny. Some of them, it was said, were aimed at recovery, and these were legitimate under the circumstances—even though they might be ill adapted to the object in view. But others were for purposes of reform, and that was dangerous. Reform might delay recovery. We must have recovery at all costs. In the delicate situation in which the country found itself, the time was appropriate for recovery, not for reform. Well, by hook or by crook, recovery has come. In the process not very much significant reform has been achieved. This, then, ought to be the time for reform. Now that we have had a breathing spell, it is well to see what can be done to prevent the future from repeating the more uncomfortable performances of the past.

A sense of this necessity has been expressed several times in previous articles of this series. Secretary Henry A. Wallace wrote that our economy "is emerging from one depression without building adequate safeguards against another." Unconsumed surpluses are likely again to be piled up. We shall have to choose, he believes, among three alternatives: "(1) to reduce production and employment; (2) to export the surplus without importing an equivalent; or (3) to consume it domestically, or an imported equivalent, through a fair distribution of the national income." Naturally, Mr. Wallace prefers the third alternative. Mr. Harry L. Hopkins states the same problem in somewhat different terms. He posits two major objectives:

> 1. We must so adjust the functioning of our economy that it will make continually available to all of our population the high standard of living which our resources and our techniques make possible.
> 2. We must maintain peace internally and with the rest of the world.

Mr. John L. Lewis, in enunciating a traditional aim of labor—that "workers should constantly share, in terms of higher rates of compensation and more leisure, in the productive gains of industry"—asks why it should now be thought necessary to seek this

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objective "through economic planning under federal auspices, or through the establishment of national regulation of industry to the extent, at least, of production, price and profit controls." And he answers his own question as follows: "Because organized labor has discovered, along with other groups of our people, that the majority of our industrialists and financiers cannot and will not govern industry in an enlightened and far-seeing way for the interest of the wage and salary workers and the public." Mr. Rexford G. Tugwell, in discussing planning, is less sure what industrialists will or will not do, but he is confident that the kind of planning necessary to avoid depressions and bring continuous abundance will not be forthcoming unless it is applied to industry and trade.

It is essential to realize that the reforms actually put into practice by the New Deal so far do not touch the now familiar central issues with which the above passages are concerned. These reforms are varied, they are impressive when viewed against the past, but they have little directly to do with the efficient operation of our productive mechanism as a whole, or with the ample and equitable distribution of its products. We have begun to conserve soil and forests, prevent floods, prepare against drought. We have made a fumbling attempt to offer a minimum of security against old age, unemployment and other prevalent hazards. We have developed some new sources of electric power and have encouraged its wider distribution. A struggle is going on—as yet far from won—against financial racketeering in utility holding companies and the stock market. The central banking system has been somewhat improved. Foreign-trade barriers are being lowered. But no informed person believes that either the plans or practices of private industry and finance have so changed that prices, production, wages and profits may not again get out of adjustment, or that serious unemployment may be avoided in the future. And nobody believes that this would be an easy task, capable of prompt achievement. Yet it is in this direction that the more significant passages of our series point.

How are we to proceed in the direction indicated? The need is not for a tidy blue-print, a patented scheme that can be agitated for, voted by Congress one day and applied the next. Much thought and discussion is necessary, many experiments will have to be tried, mistakes will have to be made and remedied. The task is intrinsically one of the most difficult that any nation has ever faced, and it will not be performed without long and arduous effort. But the immediate difficulties which prevent us from advancing are not the intrinsic ones. They are the social and political obstacles which stand in the way of the effort itself.

Drastic reorganization, affecting vested interests, might conceivably have been carried out in the first months of the New Deal if the administration had wanted definite changes and had been sure of enough well organized and well led support from labor, farmers and professional workers. But now the time has passed for the sort of rapid change that may be achieved in a crisis. The forces of conservatism, though defeated in the last election, have the power to obstruct new measures to which they would be most violently opposed. They control most of the press, a good part of the universities and professions, and many votes in Congress—on the Democratic side as well as the Republican. Their renewed vigor is well illustrated in the rallying of opposition to the President's relatively mild Supreme Court proposal. Another obstacle is of course the Constitution as interpreted by the Court. Even though the legislation required to inaugurate adequate control of industry were passed, there is no assurance that it would be allowed to remain on the statute books. Finally, there is the question of competence in government or elsewhere to administer the sort of planned system that is required. I do not mean to bolster the argument of those who oppose social-economic planning on the ground that it is beyond the ability of human beings. Capacity to learn and to operate systems radically different from our own is far greater than most persons imagine. But we must not overlook the necessity for developing competence for any job we want to undertake—competence in individuals, and competence in government based upon ability to attract and properly to organize the talents of competent individuals.

The strategy for attack on the major problem during the next four years would seem to be, therefore, not so much to attempt fundamental reform itself as to prepare the social forces and the means that will make possible fundamental reform when the appropriate time arrives. It is not too rash a generalization from history, I think, to say that periods of crisis caused by breakdown of existing social institutions are periods when drastic reorganization may be accomplished, and that periods between crises are periods when the social forces that may eventually bring about that reorganization can grow and become better prepared for the work that awaits them during the next crisis.

These considerations lead us to place primary importance on the growth of organized labor in the United States. In years past, every progressive movement in this country has been seriously hampered because the unions had not penetrated many of the major industries, and labor could not exercise, either in industry or politics, an influence nearly sufficient to counterbalance that of those who governed business and finance. Genuine collective bargaining is of course necessary to safeguard the workers' immediate welfare in separate plants and industries. But many who discuss this problem overlook the fact that much broader considerations are involved. An able and experienced labor movement is indispensable for checking up on the administration of social and economic measures in separate localities throughout the country. Whether the project is for social insur-

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ance, employment exchanges or regulation of industry itself, skillful representation of labor's interests cannot be forgone. Still more important than this, a national labor movement that is politically conscious and able is a prerequisite to the kind of reconstruction that requires national legislation and execution.

The national administration cannot and should not itself organize or control unions, but it can hold the door wide open for their organization, on the basis of a belief in the salutary nature of genuine collective bargaining. The difference that the attitude of high political authorities can make may be illustrated by the difference between 1922, when the Attorney General obtained a sweeping injunction from a federal judge against the railway shopmen, and 1937, when the President, first through his Secretary of Labor and then through the Governor of Michigan, threw his great influence on the side of conference and agreement in the General Motors strike. The part that other governmental agencies can play is well illustrated by the La Follette committee's investigation into anti-labor espionage, exposing the most dubious weapon of the non-union employers at the very time when that weapon might have been viciously employed. Just as essential as a favorable governmental atmosphere, if not more so, is energetic and skillful application to the task of organizing the unorganized on the part of labor itself. The CIO now provides such action in a way that the A.F. of L. never did. What is essential and important about the CIO is not the personality, opinions and supposed ambitions of John L. Lewis, its chairman—to which it is natural for color-seeking journalists to devote attention—but the fact that here is an ably led, well financed and well staffed body that is actively devoting itself to the job of organizing industrial unions. The A. F. of L. never really applied itself to that job, and often obstructed it.

Along with the strengthening of the trade-union movement it is natural to look for the growth of other social forces that are or may be allied with it. Farmers have long been organized at the top for political pressure, but what we may look for now is more action by tenants, sharecroppers, farm laborers, coöperatives of producers and consumers. The consumers' interest among city people needs far better implementation. Professional and white-collar groups with progressive leanings have been improving their position and may continue to do so. Political unity among all these groups should be encouraged, so that local, state and eventually national governments may be more responsive to their interests.

Will the Democratic Party, under President Roosevelt's leadership, remain the chosen instrument of the popular majority that wants advance? It may do so, but there is clearly a rift in it that may impede action, especially if conservative forces that have relied on the Republican Party attempt to consolidate its rightward wing. In that case we may have a party realignment during this administration, with the possibility of a new popular or labor party if the conservative Democrats capture the party machine. Otherwise the Democratic Party may become a sort of people's front.

The strengthening of progressive forces will naturally demand the removal of constitutional obstacles which have been so prominent in the recent past. The President's proposal to renew the Supreme Court is an important step in this direction, but not necessarily the last one. Enlarging the power of government to deal with social and economic issues is a necessary preliminary to the further advance of progressive democracy. Perhaps Mr. Thomas Reed Powell's suggestion for a constitutional amendment permitting Congress by a two-thirds vote to override a judicial nullification of any given law would help here. If this or a better amendment can be enacted before the next crisis comes, we shall be in a far better position to make decisive changes.

It is important, too, to improve the competence of government itself. This is not a simple matter of extending the civil service, a reform that might easily result merely in bolstering bureaucratic routine. What is far more necessary is to improve the merit system within the civil service, to attract competence by giving scope to it and adequate payment, to open a career to talent within the government, and to improve our training for public administration so that there may be enough competent candidates. Governmental reorganization may also help, and this has been proposed by the President. And though we are not yet ready for the kind of strategic planning that would attack the major economic problems directly, the creation and strengthening of governmental planning agencies that could mobilize information, recommend policies and raise issues would do much to prepare the way.

Finally we need peace in order to make orderly progress. It would be best if the world could remain at peace, but if a general war comes, the task of domestic reconstruction can be far better served by staying out of it than by going in. A nation at war is a playground for every reactionary force—at least unless war weariness and defeat overwhelm the population. Even then, reaction may establish itself on the resulting breakdown. Legislation that will greatly increase the chance of our staying out of war, such as was outlined in Mr. Bruce Bliven's article and in previous New Republic editorials, already seems to be within sight. To obtain its improvement and passage is a task of immediate urgency. Just as necessary for this purpose, however, is the strengthening of the forces and movements mentioned in this article, and the development of a social program capable of arousing enthusiasm. For a people with a positive purpose, a hope of improving its own life and an avenue of significant activity for its citizens is less likely to seek its salvation by hating and killing foreigners.

GEORGE SOULE.

This is the final article in the series, "The Next Four Years."—THE EDITORS.

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I Have a Thing to Tell You

(Nun Will Ich Ihnen 'Was Sagen)

AT SEVEN o'clock the phone beside my bed rang quietly. I stirred, then roused sharply, from that fitful and uneasy sleep which a man experiences when he has gone to bed late knowing he has got to get up early. It was the porter.

"It is seven o'clock," he said.

I answered: "All right. Thank you. I'm awake."

Then I got up, still fighting dismally with a stale fatigue which begged for sleep and with a gnawing tension of anxiety which called for action. One look about the room assured me. My old leather trunk lay packed and ready on the baggage rest. Now there was very little more to do except to shave and dress and drive to the station. The train was not due until half-past eight, and the station was not three minutes distant. I thrust my feet into my slippers, walked over to the windows, tugged the cord and pulled up the heavy blinds.

It was a gray morning. Below me, save for an occasional taxicab or motor car, the quiet thrum of a bicycle, or some one walking briskly to his work, with a lean, spare clack of early morning, the Kurfürstendamm was bare and silent. In the center of the street, above the tram tracks, the fine trees had already lost their summer freshness—that deep intensity of German green which is the greenest green on earth and which gives to all their foliage a kind of forest darkness, a legendary sense of magic and of time. The leaves looked faded now and dusty. They were already touched here and there by the yellowing tinge of autumn. A tram, cream-yellow, spotless, shining as a perfect toy, slid past, with a kind of hissing sound upon the rails and at the contacts of the trolley. Except for this the tram made no noise. Like everything they made, the tram was perfect in its function. Even the little cobblestones that paved the tramway were spotless as if each of them had just been gone over thoroughly with a whisk broom, and the strips of grass on either side were as green and velvety as Oxford sward.

On both sides of the street the great restaurants, cafes and terraces of the Kurfürstendamm were also bare and empty. Chairs were racked upon the tables, and everything was clean and still. Three blocks away, at the head of the street, the clock on the Gedächtnis-Kirche struck seven times. I could see the great bleak masses of the church, and in the trees a few birds sang.

Some one knocked upon the door. I turned and crossed and opened it. The waiter stood there with his breakfast tray. He was a boy of fifteen years, a blond-haired solemn child with fresh pink face. He wore a boiled shirt and a waiter's uniform that was spotless-clean, but that, I think, had been sawed off and shortened down a little from the costume of some more mature inhabitant to fit its present owner. He marched in solemnly, stolidly uttering, in a gutteral and toneless voice, his three phrases of English, which were: "Good morning, sir," as I opened the door; "If you bleeze, sir," as he set the tray down upon the table; and "Sank you very much, sir," as he marched out, turned and closed the door behind him.

For six weeks the formula had not varied by an atom, and now as he marched out again I felt a feeling of affection and regret. I told him to wait a moment, got my trousers, took some money and gave it to him. His pink face reddened into happiness. I shook hands with him, and then the boy said: "Sank you very much, sir." And then, very quietly and earnestly: *"Gute Reise."* He clocked his heels together and bowed formally; and then closed the door. And I stood there for a moment, with that nameless feeling of affection and regret, knowing that I should never see him again.

Then I went back to the table and poured out a cup of the hot rich chocolate, broke a crusty roll, buttered it, spread it with strawberry jam and ate it. The pot was still half full of chocolate, the dish still piled with little scrolls of creamy butter. There was enough of the delicious jam, the crusty rolls and flaky croissants to make a half-dozen breakfasts, but I had eaten all I wanted. I brushed my teeth and shaved myself, put shaving brush and toothbrush, all the other things, together in a little leather case, and put it away in the old trunk. Then I dressed. By seven-twenty I was ready.

Hartmann came in as I was ringing for the porter. He began to laugh as he saw me, closing his eyes, contorting his features and snuffling with laughter through his sourly puckered lips as if he had just eaten a half-ripe persimmon. Then he looked anxiously at me and said: "You are ready, then? You are going?"

I nodded. "Yes. Everything's all ready. How do you feel, Franz?"

He laughed suddenly, took off his spectacles and began to polish them. Without his glasses, his small face had a tired and worn look, and his weak eyes were bloodshot and weary from the night before. "Oh, Gott!" he cried with a kind of gleeful desperation. "I feel perfectly *dret-full!* I have not efen been to bett! May I tell you something?" he said, and peered at me with the serious intensity with which he always uttered these words, "I feel like hell—I really do."

He spoke good English. He had lived and worked in London for a year or two and since then his

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knowledge of the language had made his services extremely useful to the exporting firm that employed him. He rarely made an actual mistake in accent or pronunciation, yet one was instantly aware that he was speaking in a foreign tongue. It is not easy to describe—it was, more than anything else, perhaps, a certain intonation of the voice—a voice that spoke familiar words with the latent rhythm of another speech. He spoke without difficulty—there was occasionally a certain awkwardness in tense, an unsure exercise of idiom, a Germanic transposition of the English words—but his speech was always fluent, and his meaning clear. Yet, even when he spoke such simple words as "You are ready, then?" one was aware of a certain carefulness with "then," as of one who had been schooled to say the word correctly. Or again, when he used such phrases as "Now, I may tell you something"—an expression that he used habitually, one felt a sense of strangeness not so much from the way he spoke the words (he spoke them very well, with a slight tendency toward the lisp, almost as if he were saying "thumthing") as from the rather curious use he put them to. Thus, if one asked a casual question—where to buy a shirt, or where to get a bus, or whether there had been a call upon the telephone—Hartmann would turn with an air of almost startled earnestness and say: "Now I may tell you something—someone *did* call, yes."

I looked at him a moment as he put his spectacles back on.

"Then you've had no sleep at all?" I said.

"Oh, yes," he said wearily. "I have slept an hour. I came back home. My girl was asleep—I did not want to wake her up. So I laid down upon the couch. I did not efen take off my clothes. I was afraid I would be coming too late to see you at the station. And that," he said peering at me most earnestly again, "would be *too* dret-ful!"

"Why don't you go back home and sleep today after the train goes? I don't think you'll be able to do much at the office, feeling as you do. Wouldn't it be better if you took the day off and caught up on your sleep?"

"Well, then," said Hartmann abruptly, yet rather indifferently, "I will tell you something. It does not matter. It really does not matter. I will take something—some coffee or something"—he shrugged his shoulders—"it will not be too bad. But, Gott!" again the desperately gleeful laugh, "how I shall sleep tonight! After that I shall try to know my girl again."

"I hope so, Franz. I'm afraid she hasn't seen much of you the last month or so."

"Well, then," said Hartmann, as before, "I will tell you something—it does not matter. It really does not matter. She is a good girl—she knows about these things—you like her, yes?—you think she is nice?"

"Yes, I think she's very nice."

"Well, then," said Hartmann, "I may tell you: she *is* very nice. We get along together very well. I hope they will let me keep her," he said quietly.

"They? Who do you mean by 'they,' Franz?"

"Oh," he said, wearily, "these people—these stupid people—that you know about."

"But, good Lord, Franz! Sure they have not yet forbidden *that,* have they? Why you can step right out on the Kurfürstendamm and get a dozen girls before you've walked a block."

"Oh," said Hartmann, "you mean the little whores. Yes, you may still go to the little whores. That is quite all right. You see, my dear shap"—here Hartmann's small face puckered in a look of impish malice and he began to speak in that tone of exaggerated and mincing refinement that characterized some of his more vicious utterances—"I will now tell you something. Under the Dritte Reich we are all so happy, everything is so fine and healthy that it is perfectly God damn dret-ful," he sneered. "You may go to the little whores in the Kurfürstendamm. But you cannot have a girl. If you have a girl you must marry her and—may I tell you?" he said frankly—"I cannot marry. I do not make enough money. It would be *quite* impossible!" he said decisively. "And may I tell you this?" he continued, pacing nervously up and down the room, taking rapid puffs at his cigarette. "If you have a girl, then you most have two rooms. And that also is quite impossible! I have not efen money enough to afford two rooms."

"You mean, if you are living with a girl you are compelled by law to have two rooms?"

"It is the law, yes," said Hartmann, nodding with the air of finality with which a German states established custom. "You must. If you are living with a girl, she must have a room. Then you can say," he went on seriously "you are not living with each other. You may sleep together every night. But then, you see, you will be good. You will not do some things against the Party. . . . Gott!" he cried, and lifting his impish face, he laughed again. "It is all quite dret-ful."

"But if they find, Franz, that you're living with her in a single room?"

"Well, then," he said quietly, "I may tell you she will have to go." And then, wearily, with the tone of bitter indifference that had become so marked in one short year: "It does not matter. I do not care. I pay no attention to these stupid people. I have my work. I have my girl. If they let me keep them that is all that matters."

But now the porter had come in and was busy adjusting the straps of the leather trunk. I packed my briefcase with the letters, books and manuscript that had accumulated and gave it to the man. He dragged the baggage out into the hall and told us he would wait for us below.

I looked at my watch, found that it still lacked three-quarters of an hour until train time, and then asked Hartmann if we should go immediately to the station or wait at the hotel.

"Well, then," he said, "I may tell you that we can be waiting here. If you wait here another half an hour I should imagine there would still be time."

He offered me a cigarette. I struck a match for

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him. Then we sat down, myself at the table, Hartmann upon the couch against the wall. And for a moment more we smoked in silence.

"Well, then," said Hartmann, "this time, it really is to be good-bye. . . . This time you really will be going," he said, peering at me sharply with his earnest, anxious look.

"Yes, Franz. I've got to go this time. I've missed two boats already. I can't miss another one."

We smoked in silence for a moment, and then suddenly, earnestly, as before, "Well, then, may I tell you something? I am sorry."

"And I, too, Franz."

"We will all be terribly missing you," he said.

And again we smoked in troubled silence.

"You will come back, of course," said Hartmann presently. And then, most emphatically, "You must, of course. We like you here"—and in a moment, very simply, quietly, "you know, we do so love you."

I did not say anything, but something tightened in my throat. And he, peering at me anxiously again, continued: "And you like it here? You like us? Yes!" he cried, in answer to his own question. "Of course you do!"

"Of course, Franz."

"Then you must come back," he said quietly. "It would be quite dret-ful if you did not."

I did not speak, but again I noticed, as I had so often done before, the deep and tragic resonance of his quiet voice, a voice touched somehow, for an American, with unfathomed depths of living, with a resignation that had long since passed despair, a fortitude that had gone far past both pride and hope. He looked at me searchingly again, but I said nothing. In a moment Hartmann said: "And I—I too shall hope that we shall meet again."

"I hope so, Franz. I believe we shall, some day." And then, trying to throw off the sadness that had fallen on us I said strongly: "Of course we shall! I will come back, and we shall sit together talking just the same as we are now."

He did not answer, but for a moment his face was contorted by the look of bitter humor I had seen so often.

"You think so," he said and smiled his wry and bitter smile.

"I'm sure of it!" I said more positively than ever. "We'll sit together drinking, we'll have parties, we'll stay up all night and dance around the trees and go to Aenna Maentz at three o'clock for chicken soup. All of it will be the same."

"Well, then," he said quietly, "I hope that you are right. I am not too sure," said Hartmann, "I may not be here."

"You!" I said, and laughed derisively. "Franz, you know you will be here as long as Karl is here. You couldn't get along without each other. You'll always be together. Besides, the firm has got to have you for the English trade."

"I am not so sure," he said. He was silent a moment longer, puffing at his cigarette, and then he continued, rather hesitantly: "You see—there are these fools—these stupid people!" He ground his cigarette out viciously in the ashtray and, his face contorted in a wry smile of defiant, lacerated pride, he cried angrily: "Myself—I do not care. I do not worry for myself. I have my little life!" cried Hartmann—"my little chob—my little girl—my little room. These people—these fools!" he cried—"I do not notice them. I do not see them! It does not bother me!" he cried. And now indeed his face was bitter as a grotesque mask. "I shall always get along," said Hartmann. "If they run me out—well, then, I may tell you that I do not care! There are other places!" he cried bitterly. "I have lived in England and Vienna. If they take my chob, my girl"—he cried scornfully and waved his hand impatiently—"may I tell you that it does not matter? And if these fools—these stupid people—if they take this little life of mine, I do not think that is so terrible. You think so? Yes?"

"Yes, I think so, Franz. I should not like to die."

"Well, then," said Hartmann quietly, "with you it is a different matter. You are American. With us, it cannot be the same. I have seen men shot, in Munich, in Vienna—I do not think it is too bad"—he turned and looked searchingly at me again, "no, I should imagine it is not too bad," he said.

"Oh, hell, you're talking like an idiot now! No one's going to shoot you. No one's going to take your job or girl away."

Hartmann did not answer for a moment. Presently he said, abruptly: "Now I think that I may tell you something. In the last year here these fools—these stupid people—have become quite dret-ful. All the Chews have been taken from their work, they have nothing to do any more. These people come around—some stupid people in their uniforms," he said contemptuously—"and they say that everyone must be an Aryan man—this wonderful plue-eyed person eight feet tall who is being Aryan in his family since 1820. If there is a little Chew back there—then I should imagine it will be a pity." Hartmann jeered. "This man can no more work—he is no more in the Cherman spirit. It is all quite stupid." He smoked in silence for a moment, then continued. "This last year these big fools are coming round to Karl and me. They demand to know who I am, where I am from—whether I am porn or not. They say I must be proving to them that I am an Aryan man. Otherwise I can no longer hold my chob."

"But, my God, Franz!" I cried, and stared at him in stupefaction. "You don't mean to tell me that—why *you're* not a Jew! *Are* you?"

"Oh, *Gott,* no! Hartmann cried, with a sudden shout of gleeful desperation. "My dear shap, I am so God-damn Cherman it is simply dret-ful."

"Well, then," I demanded, puzzled, "why should they bother you? Why do they worry about your being Aryan if you're German?"

Hartmann was silent a moment longer before he answered, and the look of wounded humor in his face had deepened perceptibly before he spoke

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again. "My dear Paul," he said, "now I may tell you something. I am completely Cherman, it is true. Only, my poor dear mother—I do love her so, of course—but, Gott!" He laughed again through a closed mouth, with a kind of bitter merriment in his face, as if he were laughing with an unripe persimmon in his mouth. "Gott! She is such a fool. This poor lady," he said, a trifle contemptuously, "was loving my father very much, so much, in fact, that she did not go to the trouble to marry him. So these people come and ask me all these questions and say 'Where is your father?'—and of course I cannot tell them. Because, alas, my dear old shap, I am this bastard. Gott!" he cried again, seeing the look of stupefaction on my face, and, with eyes narrowed into slits, laughed through the corners of his mouth. "It is all so dret-ful—so stupid—and so horribly funny!" Hartmann cried.

"But Franz! Surely you must know who your father is—you must have heard his name?"

"My *Gott,* yes!" he cried, and laughed through his closed lips again. "That is what makes it all so funny."

"You mean you know him, then? He is living?"

"But of course!" said Hartmann. "He is living in Berlin."

"But do you ever see him?"

"But of course!" he said again. "I see him every week. We are *quite* good friends."

"But—then I don't see what the trouble is—unless they can take your job from you because you are a bastard. It's embarrassing, of course, but can't you explain it to them? Won't your father help you out?"

"I am sure he would," said Hartmann, "if I told this thing to him. Only, I cannot tell him. You see," he went on quietly, after a moment's pause, "my father and I are quite good friends. We never speak about this thing together—the way he was knowing my mother. And now, I would not ask him to help me—because it might be seeming I was taking an advantage. It might spoil everything."

"But your father—is he known here? Would these people know his name?"

"Oh, *Gott,* yes!" Hartmann cried out gleefully. "That is what makes it all so horrible—and so dretfully amusing. They would know his name at once—perhaps they say I am this little Chew and throw me out because I am no Aryan man—and my father," Hartmann choked, bent half over in his bitter merriment—"my father is this big Nazi—this most important person in the Party!"

For a moment I looked at him and could not speak. As he sat there, smiling his embittered and disdainful smile, the whole legend of his life became plain. He had been life's tender child, so sensitive, so affectionate, so amazingly intelligent. He had been the fleeceling lamb thrust out into the cold to bear the blast and to endure the bitter strife of want and loneliness. He had been wounded cruelly. He had been warped and twisted and yet he had maintained a kind of bitter hard integrity.

"I'm so damned sorry, Franz! I never knew of this."

"Well, then," said Hartmann indifferently, "I may tell you that it does not matter. It really does not matter." He snuffled a little through his lips, flicked the ash off his cigarette and shifted his position. "I shall do something about it—I have engaged one of these little men—what do you call them?—lawyers—oh, Gott! but they are dret-ful!" Hartmann shouted gleefully—"to make some lies for me. This little man with his papers—he will feel around until he discovers fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers—everything I need. If he cannot, if they will not believe—well, then," said Hartmann, "I must lose my chob. It does not matter.

"But these fools," he said again with an expression of disgust—"these dret-ful people! Some day, my dear Paul, you must write a bitter book. You must tell all these people just how horrible they are. Myself—I am a little man. I have no talent. I am only a little clerk. I cannot write a book. I can do nothing but admire what others do and know if it is good. But you must tell these dret-ful people what they are. I have a little fantasie," he went on with a look of impish glee—"when I feel bad—when I see all these dret-ful people sitting at the tables putting food into their mouths, walking up and down in the Kurfürstendamm, then I imagine that I have a little ma-shine gun. So I take this little ma-shine gun and go up and down and when I see one of these dret-ful people I take the little ma-shine gun and I go—ping-ping-ping-ping-ping!" As he uttered these words he took aim and hooked his finger rapidly, saying "ping-ping-ping" is a rapid, childish key. "Oh, Gott!" he cried esctatically, "I should so enchoy it if I could go around with this little ma-shine gun and use it on all these stupid fools. But I cannot. My ma-shine gun is only in imagination. With you it is different. You have a ma-shine gun you can really use. And you must use it," he said earnestly. "Some day you must write this bitter book in which you tell these fools where they belong. Only," and he turned anxiously toward me, "you must not do it yet. Or if you do, you must not say some things in your next book that will make these people angry with you here."

"What kind of things do you mean, Franz?"

"These things about"—he lowered his voice and glanced quickly toward the door—"about politics—about the Party. Things that would bring them down on you. It would be quite dret-ful if you did."

"Why would it?"

"Because," he said, "you have a name here. I don't mean with these fools, but with the people left who still read books. If you should spoil it now—if you should write some things now that they would not like—the Reichsschriftenkammer would forbid your books. And that would be a pity. We do so like you here—I mean the people who do understand. They cannot believe that they are reading a translation. They say that it must sound as if it had been written in Cherman in the beginning and—Oh,

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Gott!" he shouted gleefully again—"they call you this very great writer."

"That's a good deal more than they do at home, Franz."

"I know. But then, I notice, in America they love everyone a year—and then they spit upon him. Here, with many people you must have it—this name of yours," he said earnestly. "And it would be too dret-ful if you spoil it now. You will not?" he said, and again looked anxiously at me.

I did not answer for a moment, and then I said: "A man must write what he must write. A man must do what he must do."

"Then you mean if you felt you had to say some things—about politics—about these stupid fools—about—"

"What about life?" I said. "What about people?"

"You would say it?"

"Yes, I would."

"Efen if it did you harm? Efen if it spoiled you here?" And, peering anxiously at me, he waited for my answer.

"Yes, Franz, even if that happened."

He was silent a moment more and then, with apparent hesitancy, said: "Efen if you write something—if they say to you that you cannot come back?"

I too was silent now. There was much to think of. But at last I said: "Yes, even if they told me that."

He straightened sharply, with a swift intake of anger and impatience. "Then I may tell you something," he said harshly. "You are one big fool." He rose, flung his cigarette away and began to pace nervously up and down the room. "Why should you go and spoil yourself," he cried. "You are at home here. Everybody understands you. And for a little politics"—he said bitterly—"because there are these stupid fools, you would now go and spoil it all."

I made no answer. In a moment, still walking feverishly up and down he said: "Why should you do it? You are no politician. You are no propaganda Party man. You are not one of these Goddamn little New York *Salon-Kommunisten.*" He spat the word out viciously, his pale eyes narrowed into slits. "May I now tell you something?" He paused abruptly, looking at me. "I hate these bloody little people—they are everywhere the same. You find them everywhere—in London, Paris and Vienna. They are bad enough in Europe, but in America!" Hartmann shouted, his face lighting up with impish glee—"Oh, *Gott!* If I may tell you, they are simply dret-ful! Where do you get them from? Even the European esthete says 'My Gott! these bloody men, these awful people, these damned esthetes from the Oo Ess Ah—are dret-ful!' "

"Are you talking now of Communists?"

"Well, now, I may tell you something"—curtly and coldly, with a kind of arrogant dismissal that was becoming more and more characteristic of him—"it does not matter what they call themselves. They are all the same. They are these little *expressionissmus, surrealissmus, kommunissmus* people—but really they are all the same. I am so tired of all these belated little people," he said, and turned away with an expression of weariness and disgust. "It simply does not matter what they say. For they know nothing."

"You think then, Franz, that all of communism is like that—that all communists are just a crowd of parlor fakes?"

"Oh, *die Kommunisten,*" said Hartmann wearily. "No, I do not think they are all fakes. And *Kommunissmus!*" he looked at me, shrugged his shoulders with an air of protesting agreement, and said: "Well, then, I think that it is very good. I think that some day we may live like that. Only, I do not think that you and I will see it. It is too great a dream. It is more than to expect. And these things are not for you. You are not one of these little propaganda Party people—you are a writer. It is your duty to look about you and to write about the world and people as you see them. It is not your duty to write propaganda speeches and call them books. You could not do that. It is quite impossible."

"But if by writing about the world and people as you see them you come in conflict with these propaganda Party people—what then?"

"Then," he said roughly, "you will be a great big fool. You can write about the world and people without these Party people coming down on you. You do not need to mention them. And if you do, and do not say nice things, then you cannot come back. And for what? If you were some little propaganda person in New York, you could say these things and then it would not matter. Because they can say anything they like—but they know nothing of us, and it costs them nothing. You have so much to lose. You have a name. The people admire you here!" Anxiously, earnestly, searchingly again, he looked at me and said: "And you? You do so like the people, too?"

"Enormously."

"You must, of course," he quietly replied, then added gently: "They are really a good lot. They are big fools, of course, but they are not too bad."

He was silent a moment, ground out his cigarette in the ashtray and then said, a little sadly, "Well then, you must do what you must do. But you are one big fool. Come on, old shap," he said. He looked at his watch and put his hand upon my arm. "Now it is time to go."

We paused a moment, looking at each other, then we clasped each other by the hand.

"Good-bye, Franz," I said.

"Good-bye, dear Paul," said Hartmann quietly. "We shall miss you very much."

"And I you," I answered.

Then we went out.

THOMAS WOLFE.

This is the beginning of a short novel by Thomas Wolfe. The second instalment will appear next week.—THE EDITORS.

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Washington Notes

Roosevelt Appeals to Reason on the Court Issue —No Rabble Rouser—Why Don't the Conservatives Wake Up?

THE DRIVE to pass Mr. Roosevelt's Supreme Court bill has slowed down to a tortoise-like pace. Ten days ago, many on-lookers thought that the bill would have been made into law by the end of the present month, at the latest. Now it is obvious that it will be a long, dragging process.

The cause of this slowing-up can be simply stated: Mr. Roosevelt has not turned on the heat. As nearly as I can find out, no promises or threats of any kind have been made. Mr. Roosevelt has discussed the Supreme Court bill with about half the members of the Senate, and with many members of the House. With one voice, they all bear witness that his only argumentative weapon has been sweet reasonableness. Repeatedly he has recalled Bruce Bairnsfather's Better 'Ole; if any of his visitors can suggest a better way of reaching the New Deal's objectives, he is entirely willing to take it.

As a matter of practical politics, such humility on Mr. Roosevelt's part is unnecessary. A poll taken within the last few days showed that not more than a hundred members of the House, if put to the test, were ready to stand up and be counted against him. Mr. Roosevelt likewise controls the Senate Judiciary Committee. If he had wished, long before this he could have jammed the Supreme Court bill through the House, through the Senate Judiciary Committee and out on the Senate floor. About thirty-five Senators are known to be against the bill, enough to carry on a lengthy filibuster. But even here, the administration's brute political strength could have done the job. No mid-session filibuster can continue indefinitely.

So far, at least, Mr. Roosevelt has chosen to rely solely on the shining light of reason. Since he has done so, I think it is fair to ask how the newspaper commentators who are crying "demagogue" at him justify themselves. In particular, how does Mr. Walter Lippmann, who accuses Mr. Roosevelt of a "desperate appeal to his own partisan following," justify himself? As nearly as I can discover, Mr. Roosevelt's appeals to his own partisan following have been overpolite rather than desperate.

Those who shout "demagogue" at Mr. Roosevelt say that he did not reveal his intention of reorganizing the Supreme Court during the presidential campaign, and did not permit the question to be debated before the voters. This much of their accusation is true. But surely it is no news to anyone that Mr. Roosevelt is a politician who proceeds by stealth and ambush, like the Red Indian. The same charge was brought against him repeatedly when he was Governor of New York, notably in the case of the removal of Mayor James J. Walker, and has been made numberless times since.

But whatever you may feel about the quality of low visibility possessed by Mr. Roosevelt, it does not make him a rabble-rouser, and to call him that is to miss the inwardness of the present situation. If Mr. Lippmann and those who think like him would take time to consider political realities, it seems to me that they would be on their knees before Mr. Roosevelt in gratitude. At least five Justices of the Supreme Court are hostile to the main social philosophy of the New Deal. Let anyone who doubts that reread the majority's *obiter dicta* in the AAA case, or the antique curse on Mr. Roosevelt and all his works pronounced by Mr. Justice McReynolds in the gold-clause decision. Mr. Roosevelt believes—rightly, it seems to me—that a constitutional amendment is unobtainable during the life of his second administration, and consequently offers him no means of detouring the Court's hostility. He and the Court are joined in a conflict in which compromise has become impossible, and in which one or the other must say "uncle." All this being so, just what has Rabble-Rouser Roosevelt done to destroy his enemy?

Mr. Roosevelt's critics seem to be living in a private, imaginary world of their own. Have they not heard of the CIO, the General Motors sit-down strike and the unrest in the steel industry? Do they not know that perhaps the most representative farm conference ever held in Washington decided two weeks ago in favor of the reënactment of the AAA, with special emphasis on those provisions of it which the Supreme Court condemned? I wonder what the conservatives think these curious phenomena among the mass of the people mean. Eventually some adventurous, bold-minded conservative is going to stumble on the idea that the workers of this country want guarantees of collective bargaining, and minimum wages and maximum hours, and that the farmers want the protection of federal laws. Maybe this discovery will set him to speculating on what would be a shrewd, long-headed course for conservatives to take in the face of such a mass movement as is now in progress. Very possibly he will decide that the course to take is to yield just enough to prevent an explosion, just enough to permit the minimal satisfaction of mass demands, without permanently disturbing the existing governmental structure. Conservatives will search a long time before they find a better plan for their purposes than Mr. Roosevelt's proposal.

It is not long since that this country was favored with a genuine demagogue, the late Huey Pierce Long. The conservatives who accuse Mr. Roosevelt of being a rabble-rouser might reflect on what Huey would have been likely to do in Mr. Roosevelt's place. Huey would have known the professional past of each of the Supreme Court Justices, what corporations had retained them, just how big their fees had been. He would have known the present corporate connections of their sons and brothers and ex-law partners. Several of the Justices are well-to-do, and have well-to-do relatives. Huey could have had great audiences for his radio accounts of the fortunes of the Justices and their families.

While it seems to me that Mr. Roosevelt, in his plan for the Supreme Court's reorganization, is taking precisely the line that an intelligent conservative ought to take in the present crisis, still I do not think that liberals and radicals have any legitimate grievance. Mr. Roosevelt has opened a road that will permit the satisfaction of the immediate demands of industrial workers and farmers. Surely these should be attended to first. The fixing of the Supreme Court's power by constitutional amendment, as many liberals and radicals now insist, will put no food in anyone's mouth, nor shoes on anyone's feet. It can wait. And if the present political strength of workers and farmers can be consolidated and made permanent, all other problems will be easy.

Washington. T. R. B.

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Other People's Money

Open Forums on the Court—Mr. Flynn's Audiences Are More Con Than Pro —The Shaky Boom

FOR SEVERAL weeks I have been moving over the face of the land from forum to forum and talking to a wide variety of Americans about our current social headaches. It fell out that as I boarded a train, which incidentally started late and arrived late—as practically all other trains I boarded did—a newsboy sold me one of the biggest three cents' worth of evening newspaper I have purchased in a long time. It screamed in giant black type that the President proposed to name six Justices to the Supreme Court in a great judicial purge. The immediate effect of this announcement was to subject me to a barrage of questions on the Court plan at every open forum I addressed. And the experience gave me an opportunity of forming a pretty good estimate of opinion among audiences in widely separated cities. I got a chance to discuss the matter with a large number of people, chiefly the groups who sponsor and conduct forums. Generally, I think it can be said they are usually made up of liberals. Incidentally, almost all of those I talked with had voted for Roosevelt.

I do not think there could be any doubt about the truth of the following observations:

1. That the very great majority I encountered were against the Court proposal.
2. That while they are against it, their attitude is one of tolerance for the objective of the plan. They feel something must be done, but shy away from this plan.
3. That each week since the plan was proposed sentiment against it has grown very perceptibly.

In connection with this I think the argument for the plan which makes the strongest impression is the one about "unpacking" the Court, and the one which makes the least favorable impression is that because of the President's great popular majority the Court should back the President's policies. The argument about making the appointments to speed up justice, while listened to a little at first, is completely ignored by friends and enemies of the President alike. As a matter of fact, this has acted as a sort of boomerang, not a few supporters of the President being a little embarrassed by it. They feel that their quarterback has been caught in a tricky pass, one not entirely within the rules and they make very feeble and shamefaced apology for it.

Supporters of the President in this and other matters would do well to remember this very striking fact, that there is a vast difference between the attitude of people toward the President himself and their attitude toward his policies. For instance, at a luncheon in a large city overwhelmingly Democratic, where everyone present—about a dozen people—had voted for the President, not one of them favored the NRA or the AAA or the Guffey Act, though all were for the TVA and the Social Security Act and the Wagner Labor Relations Act. They were unanimous on these points.

I might add that this confidence in President Roosevelt as a man whose heart is in the right place and who is trying to do something for the underdog is widespread, while along with it goes a very marked disagreement with various policies. As a matter of fact, some of these policies, notably the NRA, could not, I feel sure, get a majority vote even among his own brain-trusters in Washington. The result is that people I discover, without analyzing it are not deeply impressed with the argument that the Court should favor a law merely because Roosevelt is for it.

I strongly suspect that the whole episode has impaired seriously the President's prestige among a large group of his own supporters. I noticed that a year ago a question asked from a forum floor palpably unfriendly to the President was promptly greeted by hostile or critical or even angry murmurs or cries. A question about the Court unfriendly to the President is now apt to be greeted with quite general applause.

Those opposed to the Court plan, however, would do well to bear in mind that this implies no friendship to the Court itself, or for those who support it for their own special reasons.

A phenomenon observable to anyone traveling around the country is the complete confidence in the approach of a boom, the feeling that it will be extensive and that it will last quite a while. On the latter point, of course, people are not so clear. But there is a general feeling of lack of interest in the end of the boom—something that will come probably, but about which they are not at all upset, putting the thought away in a far corner of the mind along with such other future terrors as death, purgatory and hell fire.

But there are two or three features in our passing economic show worth keeping an eye on. First, this recovery is built upon pretty thin foundations and could come to an end very swiftly. I do not say it will, but it is certainly built in violation of all sound building laws. Second, I doubt seriously if the sources of extensive long-term investment which functioned so violently in the twenties will be tapped very much.

The real-estate bond which brought billions into the construction field, the guaranteed mortgage which supplemented this movement—these, I suggest, will not get under way very quickly or go very far. County, city, state borrowing for road and building construction will not approach even a fraction of the record of the years before 1929. That played a major part in the boom. Foreign lending with the proceeds spent here is also going to fail to materialize. And meantime the federal government is going to make an effort to balance its budget. Since the recovery now is held up on federal deficits, what will hold it up so very high when the deficits disappear? What is in sight to take the place of the real-estate bond, the guaranteed mortgage, foreign purchases on borrowed funds, state and local borrowing and spending in the capital-goods industries?

Add to this that already the most fatal of forces in the rising business cycle—the increase in commodity prices—is actually getting out of hand.

I do not undertake to say how long this will keep up—doubtless for this year anyhow—but I merely point out that it is all resting on very insubstantial pegs.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Near the Water

Yes, My Darling Daughter, by Mark Reed. The Playhouse, February 9, 1937.

An Enemy of the People, by Hendrik Ibsen, translated by William Archer. Hudson Theatre, February 15, 1937.

AS FOR Mr. Reed's play, it would be hard to determine how much of the final happy effect belongs to the play and how much to the casting and the directing of its producer and director, Mr. Alfred de Liagre Jr. Such a problem is within the nature of the theatre art, the most impure of all arts, made up of divers mediums working together, so full of infectious life when it succeeds, so stale and unprofitable when it does not. And so, from one point of view, the distribution of credits in "Yes, My Darling Daughter" is a problem. From another, the right one for the occasion, the problem is of entertainment, not credits.

Mother, may I go out to swim, yes, my darling daughter, hang your clothes on a hickory limb but don't go near the water—how innocently, now that we have seen this play, we seem once to have said that rhyme! The story turns on a lady who once lived in Barrow Street, in the old Greenwich Village days of genuine Bohemia (which must always include art) and had there a lover, a struggling young poet. And then she married the most respectable of persons, never afterwards looked at another man, and brought a daughter into the world who would in time write a thesis at college on the influence et cetera of Greenwich Village with respect to the arts; and this thesis must involve the poetess that her mother was and that famous liaison with the poet whose real name introduces him now at the beginning of the play—but this is years after. Suffice to say the daughter now intends to spend a week-end with a young man who is ordered abroad by his employers for who knows how long? The story turns in many directions from that on: the mother's resistance, championship and final success at getting the two married. That plot suggests dirt and snappyisms, gags, wisecracks, and tried and trusted vulgarities. But not so at all. The motifs are really to the point; the characterizations are agreeable and natural. People with no marked objection to good taste in comedy cannot but delight in this sunny study of a life made up of well bred—or shall we say recognizable?—people. The comic twist is that of life as caught at the moment depicted, and as seen by intelligent people; the undercurrent is one of warm and likely feeling.

The only poor acting was that of the husband as played by Mr. Charles Bryant. But though he constantly forced, through bad method and lack of talent, Mr. Bryant was a triumph in type casting. And so his efforts seemed amiable and sociable, which is fair enough. Everybody else played well into the intimate ensemble required. Miss Lucile Watson also played so, but otherwise was another matter indeed. It would be hard to find more creative playing in comedy or a finer system of lively reading and variety of meaning. One way of admiring this play is to note the opportunity it provides for what Miss Watson expresses.

That Mr. Walter Hampden should give his humorous and flexible version of Ibsen's Dr. Stockmann is another instance of rightness in the direction taken. Here we have a situation that is always said to apply to today, since the story is about an honest man trying to expose or right a state of things in which the interests of many people are unfavorably involved. Many high-minded speeches arise in its course to clinch this purgation of society; and the rage and cause, preaching and clichés are close to Ibsen's own self.

As Ibsen wrote his publisher, he had deliberately made his hero, whom he found so immensely congenial, more muddle-headed than he was, as well as being a person from whom people would take things that they would not for a moment take from such a man as himself. In this disguising of himself, Ibsen found it advisable to ascribe to this voice of himself a certain surface amiability. Ibsen's own amiability, as Archer says, was not surface, nor was it effusive or ebullient, and for that very reason Dr. Stockmann becomes the most genial and volatile of the Ibsen characters, and may be called his Colonel Newcome.

"The very fact," Archer goes on, "that Dr. Stockmann was to utter much of Ibsen's own indignation and many of his own ideas forced Ibsen to make the worthy doctor in temperament and manner as unlike himself as possible; and Stockmann's boisterous geniality, loquacity, irrepressible rashness of utterance, and total absence of self-criticism were the very contradiction of the poet's own characteristics."

Such points of information, unexpected, doubtless, by the solemn and bourgeois, are a great help toward getting this Ibsen drama into the ranks of good taste, balance and sophistication. We are reminded of the fact that in Norwegian the shadings and the liveliness, and the facilities of language for the revelation of character, may produce something quite different from the English ashes of the translation we get. Only in that way would the tediums of the hero's rising tides be lessened and thus theatrically launched. Archer's remarks are after a fashion a way of making Dr. Stockmann endurable, even engaging. Played heavily, his parochialism would be impressive for the banal, but otherwise as clogging as a committee meeting of dull and dreamless people for ethical, not commercial, reasons.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that technically we have, since we are denied the values of language and the original idiom—in case the key and indication are really there in them—no way to get this humorous spring and air of caprice and temperament; and thus are left burdened with a sense of the Ibsen-reformer's guff and glue, not to say his lack of humor. I mean that this happens on a reading of the play. And we have a right to get the impression there, not out of the chance seeing of Mr. Hampden's intelligent portrayal. This is an important point, for it turns on the principle that a work of art should be complete in itself. A play as seen on the stage is but one element of an art that is complete in itself as theatre art. But the play *per se*, printed, is also a work of art, to which some clear completeness should be assured. In this case it takes both Archer and Mr. Hampden to save matters.

"An Enemy of the People" begins with the engaging stage dramatic technique that Ibsen learned from the French, and for a while gets along with some degree of entertainment. It ends with touches of that battered moral enthusiasm that one epoch is likely to inherit from another. Those big high points are, after all, mere moral punches, ethically on a higher plane (but esthetically not so) than the usual dramatic punches of the theatre. There is not space here to elaborate, but we may take that final big text, aimed at a

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roaring curtain call: "This is what I have discovered: the strongest man in the world is he who stands alone." Dress that in a fur rug and it will be deep-visioned Wagner; put it into a tunic and it will be short-sighted Greek. The strongest man might equally well be said to be he who shares in the whole of man's life. Many of Ibsen's themes, we may say, are bracing, theatrical, true, untrue. STARK YOUNG.

The Bandwagon

The party of opposition will now find a golden opportunity at hand to do two things, first to advocate the election of Senators by the State Legislatures by a repeal of the Seventeenth Amendment—a very difficult but worthy objective; and second, to defeat Mr. Roosevelt's arbitrary attack upon the integrity of the Supreme Court.

If they fail, the 17,000,000 Americans who voted for Governor Landon should prepare to go into concentration camps next October.—*From an article by Samuel Harden Church in The Carnegie Magazine.*

The most significant thing in this connection is the disclosure of the rapid spread of communism in this country since and including 1933. Formerly communists worked under cover. They have now come out into the open and in the guise of liberalism have apparently secured a control of the present Congress.—*From an editorial in The (Phoenix) Arizona Republic.*

A Punishment to Fit the Crime?

Bachelors over thirty would be taxed $50 annually to support a home for the care of unmarried expectant mothers under the provisions of a bill offered in the legislature today by Representative William Ringler.

The state would turn the taxes over to the Florence Crittenton Home of Wilmington, Delaware.—*News item in The Roanoke, Va., Times.*

Converts to Communism

Charging that the profits of communism were directed to the coffers of international bankers, the Reverend Peter Baptist Duffee . . . told the congregation of St. Mary's Abbey Church here this afternoon that both of Russia's Five Year Plans were financed by international bankers. . . .

Describing these international bankers as "drunk with their power in manufacturing a World War and fabricating a depression," he charged that they "developed an unquenchable desire for communism because there were good profits in it."—*News item in The New York Times.*

"International financiers," said [Henry] Ford, "are behind the labor unions because they want to control industry and kill competition. They are the cause of all of these strikes."—*A.P. dispatch in The Chicago Daily News.*

Rainbow Round My Shoulder

U.S.A. You may uphold the Constitution and celebrate its one hundred and fiftieth year by wearing it around your neck printed on a square silk scarf. Navy, red, green, brown. $8.50.—*Advertisement in The San Francisco Chronicle.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

For Constitutional Floods

SIR: I wish to commend Mr. Hamilton Basso's masterly appeal for support of the Constitution in the February 17 issue of The New Republic. All right-minded citizens are opposed to any tinkering with that immortal document (the Constitution, not his letter); they are no less firmly opposed to its undermining by floods.

I may have misinterpreted Mr. Basso's point of view, but I received the impression that he favors flood control or alleviation by the states. If that is true, he has been misled by vicious alien propaganda. The equality of opportunity and unhampered individual initiative guaranteed by the Constitution must be preserved. Free initiative must not be denied to floods. The Bible predicts that "the hills shall be leveled and the valleys shall be filled." Would he pit his puny finite strength against Holy Writ? (See Marbury *vs.* Madison.)

So convinced am I, however, that the organization for the defense of the Constitution is a worthy one, that I enclose a check to be applied toward its support. Since I did not know the extent of the need, I have allowed you to write any amount you wish—and also to fill in any signature you wish. No patriotic citizen should flinch from his duty in these parlous times.

De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind. PAUL J. FAY.

SIR: Mr. Basso's clarion call to defend constitutional floods has fallen on a responsive ear. He deserves the thanks of all freeborn citizens for this revelation of still another insidious attempt to thwart the American way. It is due to such watchdogs as he that the people may suffer pneumonia and drown, free from bureaucratic interference by the federal government.

Picture a farmer astride the ridgepole of his barn, surrounded by his remaining chickens, as he floats down the Mississippi. Imagine his feeling of outrage when he views the approach of a U.S. Coast Guard patrol boat. Such summary interference with a free ride to Natchez, or maybe New Orleans, is enough to make pioneer blood boil.

Apparently Mr. Basso's organization is still in the formative stage. Therefore may I suggest that the early choice of a name will hasten its full establishment? Of course, as founder, the choice of a name is his prerogative, but may I offer a slogan? It is: "Ten Feet of Water in Every Street."

New York City. JOHN R. DENISE.

Hoffman's War Whoop

SIR: So "Happy Harold Hoffman" of the well-nigh extinct species of Republican Governors is at it again. This time Jersey's top fascist makes the front page by uttering ferocious noises at the Committee for Industrial Organization. If anybody tries to organize the workers of his unhappy state, says the Governor, he will sic the National Guard on them. No nonsense about peaceful negotiations. The Michigan-Murphy idea of settling strikes without bloodshed has no appeal for this young Hotspur. . . .

"Happy Harold" cannot run again for Governor of New Jersey. The law won't let him. But he can make profitable alliance with the labor-baiting boss of Hudson County, Frank Hague, who, though a Democrat, worked valiantly for Hoffman's election. Horse-trading between Hague, who breaks picket lines in Jersey City, and Hoffman, who clambers into the same political and economic bed with the Public Service Corporation, the insurance companies and the railroad lobbyists, has featured every session of the Jersey legislature held under Hoffman's rule.

It is heartening to friends of labor to read the statement of Vincent J. Murphy, secretary of the New Jersey State Federation of Labor, long a craft unionist, in response to the blood-curdling whoops of Hoffman. "A statement of this kind from any official in high public office must be construed as an attack upon all efforts to organize labor," said Murphy. "We in New Jersey have always struggled to organize workers, and we are not going to be divided by an issue of this kind."

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The time is rotten ripe for the industrial organization of the thousands of workers in Jersey's miniature Ruhr that lies beneath the smoke clouds from Ridgewood to Newark Bay. Silk, rubber, automotives, airplanes, munitions, runaway sweat-shops—all present a picture of ruthless exploitation. The newly formed Northern New Jersey Council for Industrial Organization, with the backing of the craft unionists, will find the workers in this territory responsive to any legitimate union appeal. They will face formidable foes in the Hoffman-Hague alliance, but the Michigan men have shown the country with what intelligence and gallantry the labor movement of 1937 can fight.

New York City. McALISTER COLEMAN.

More Blessed to—

SIR: As soon as the students of the University of Toronto began to recover from the paralyzing dismay caused by the knowledge of their library's not subscribing to The New Republic, a committee was formed to take up a collection to donate The New Republic to the library. Enclosed is five dollars, the fruit of their efforts—for which please send The New Republic to the Library, University of Toronto, Toronto, Canada. We understand from Mr. Wallace that it is the policy of the library never to refuse a gift.

ROSS SILVERSIDES,
Toronto, Canada. Treasurer, New Republic Committee.

New Cars and Automobile Accidents

SIR: The final report of the National Safety Council gives 38,500 as the result of automobile accidents in 1936, a figure greater than the earlier prediction given in my article on 1937 automobiles, in the December 30 issue of The New Republic.

As further evidence of the part that modern super-powered cars are playing in this mounting death rate, may I call attention to a letter by Lee Oldfield in the January 23, 1937, issue of Automotive Industries? To quote in part:

> I addressed the Indiana Section, SAE, in February and again in November, 1935, on the general subject "The New Cars and Their Features." In my talk of February, 1935, I stated:
>
> "These new cars are the most dangerous mechanisms ever to be handed to the general public. Their weight distribution is such as to afford a very much better ride than has been offered heretofore but it is also one which very definitely precludes the possibility of the maximum possible braking with directional control. Their steering is easier solely because of reductions in gearing, with the result that rapid steering under stress of emergency conditions is difficult if not impossible. Their performance is improved all along the line while the top speeds are materially increased. All these with a lower noise level and no sensible vibration.
>
> "The natural result is that every owner of an old car will wish, and many will buy, these new cars. As the owner of the old car has driven it for some time and is accustomed to its noise and vibration, it follows that he will overdrive these new cars because of their absence of these noises and vibrations and, as they cannot respond to controls as well as the old cars did at the former speeds, many of the buyers of these new cars are doomed to experience accidents of a brand-new type. They will simply lose control due to excessive speed and the accidents will, in many if not most cases, occur without the usual intervention of another vehicle. I predict a new and greater accident record for this year and for these new cars."
>
> . . . There is . . . a question of how far economic expediency should be permitted to control design when public safety is so affected. We know what is really wrong and we know how to build cars so much more responsive to controls than any now built that it seems a pity that no one in the United States has the vision and courage to do it. . . .
>
> I suggest that you will find it of significance if it should be possible for you to discover figures relating to the number or percentage of vehicle accidents that occur without more than the one car being involved. It is my opinion that a surprisingly large number will be found to be the result of inability to steer and brake severely at the same time. No car with half or more of the weight on the front wheels when the car is at rest can be expected to respond to directional control under emergency braking, hence the wide advertising about brake equalization and "straight-away sliding" under emergency applications.
>
> I submit the proposition that a car which cannot be steered by its driver is a dangerous car. . . .

New York City. DEWEY H. PALMER.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Both bricks and orchids arrived this week. Jerry Reisman of New York City liked the "Coal Cracker's Song" published in our issue of February 17, as well as our recent editorial about "bootleg" coal, and hopes that we will print more material about mining and miners. . . . Ira I. Silbar of Chicago hurls the ugly word, "merchandising" to describe what he considers our misleading action in putting the headline "Trotsky vs. Stalin" on the cover of our issue of February 24 when what we had inside was not a full-length article but rather some letters bearing on the subject. . . . Trotsky, incidentally, continues to be a center of controversy. Fairfield Porter, of Hubbard Woods, Illinois, Charles Yale Harrison and Edward Grove, of New York City, write letters upholding him, and Alfred Baker Lewis, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, pronounces a plague upon both Trotskyists and Stalinists for trying to bring about the domination of one working-class party over others.

The letter from the Spanish Ambassador telling of the plight of Leopold Alas, president of University of Oviedo, printed in our issue of February 24, brought immediate action at New York University. Professor Sidney Hook reports that in a space of three hours more than sixty signatures of deans, departmental chairmen, professors and instructors were obtained for a cable to the rebel junta at Burgos urging commutation of the death sentence.

W. J. Woolston, of Philadelphia, drops his contribution into the Supreme Court stew by suggesting that nine Justices be appointed for terms of nine years each, so staggered that one new Justice is appointed every year. . . . Albion A. Hartwell of the Inter-Professional Association invites workers in white-collar and professional groups to participate in setting up a committee to further general organization of these fields.

The Yale University Press at New Haven announces a competition for poets under thirty years of age who have not had a volume published, to submit manuscripts for a book in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. Stephen Vincent Benet will edit the volume. The winner gets a cash prize of $100 plus usual royalties and manuscripts should be submitted between April 1 and May 1. . . . The Young Communist League, P. O. Box 28, Station D, New York City, is planning a yearbook surveying youth activities in the United States and would like to hear from anyone who may have material that should be included in such a volume.

What's on the Air?

Senator William G. McAdoo discusses the Supreme Court proposals under the title, "The President Is Right." Friday, March 5, 10:30 P. M., CBS.

W. I. Myers, governor of the Farm Credit Administration, gives directions for "Spring Financing with Coöperative Credit." Monday, March 8, 1:30 P. M., CBS.

A series of daily reports on the hearings before the Senate Judiciary Committee, to be given by Robert W. Horton, Washington correspondent of The New York World-Telegram, begins Tuesday, March 9, and will be heard daily (Monday through Friday) at 1:15 P.M. over the CBS network.

Kathleen Norris, Dorothy Thompson, Lucrezia Bori, Mrs. Herbert Hoover and others are heard at the annual birthday celebration of the Girl Scouts of America. Friday, March 12, 10 to 10:30 P. M., NBC-Blue Network.

Outstanding musical programs of the week include: Dr. Howard Hanson conducting the Radio City Music Hall Symphony Orchestra with Dana Suesse, pianist, as soloist, Sunday, March 7, 12:30 to 1:30 P. M., NBC-Blue Network; concert by the symphony orchestra of the Eastman School of Music, Thursday, March 11, 3:15 to 4 P. M., NBC-Blue Network; the Philadelphia Orchestra, with a guest speaker, Friday, March 12, 10 to 10:30 P. M., CBS; and Erno Rappee conducting a symphony orchestra with soloists, Sunday, March 14, 10 to 11 P.M., NBC.-Red Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

"The Boys"

I SUPPOSE that "Army Without Banners"[1] is not one of the world's great autobiographies, nor even among the half-dozen best of our own time. It has not the intellectual interest of Vincent Sheean's "Personal History," with its search through four continents for a valid point of view; nor the dramatic interest of "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," with its conflict between Lawrence's love for the Arabs and his job as a British agent hating himself for having to betray them. Ernie O Malley, of the Irish Republican Army, asked no questions about the cause for which he fought. In the four hundred pages of his story, he mentions only one real instance of hesitation. It was during the Easter Week rebellion of 1916, when O Malley was eighteen years old and a student in Dublin, with an older brother serving as an officer in the British Army. Somebody asked him to help defend Trinity College, which was loyal to the Crown, and he was tempted by the promise of a rifle. But two nights later he walked along the rebel lines and heard them singing the "Soldiers' Song"; he suddenly felt proud of being Irish and wanted to join in the chorus. The next night, with a friend who owned a Mauser, he was out on a railway embankment sniping at the British troops. And for the next five years he marched straight ahead, following the dream of Irish freedom wherever it led him—first into the bogs of central Ireland as a junior officer of the Republican Army, then "on the run" through Donegal and Clare, with the police at his heels, then into the South as an organizer of raids and barracks-burnings, then into prison, where the British tortured him—then finally, after a mad escape, back into Cork and Tipperary as general commanding a "division" of seven thousand farmhands who could spare at the most a few hours a week for drilling or fighting. All this he tells us briefly, breathlessly, as if so much had happened that there was no time for anything more than the barest factual narrative of adventures that never ceased.

I suppose that his story would have been richer and deeper if he had stopped to analyze his own mind. But partly because of its pure externality, it is a swift and exciting book to read; and it gains importance from the struggle it describes. Ireland, with her four million impoverished people, was fighting the forty millions of Great Britain and the wealth of the British Empire. In the newspapers of 1920, it sounded like no war at all: there were attacks on military convoys in which half a dozen soldiers died; there were killings by little bands of gunmen who somehow escaped arrest. Britain was sending over another ten thousand troops to round them up; a few months more and the situation would be in hand. But at the end of those months, the gunmen were still uncaptured, and they had forced the British Empire to negotiate with their leaders on equal terms.

Better than anyone else O Malley conveys the real nature of this war without pitched battles, fought and half-won by an Irish army not only without banners but almost without arms. He scarcely ever stops for explanations, yet he makes you realize just why the British were powerless. They controlled the government of Ireland, with its local officials, its courts and prisons, its tax gatherers with soldiers to support them. But many of the officials refused to serve, the courts could not function for want of witnesses, the taxes could not be collected, and the soldiers could not venture out of their garrisons except in bands of fifty or more that made their way slowly over roads destroyed in front of them. The people as a whole had withdrawn their allegiance. Meanwhile, underneath this apparatus that no longer worked, there had come to be another government whose magistrates and soldiers were hidden like the "little people" of the bogs. Many of its centers were literally underground, in dugouts hidden beneath the turf of the fields. Yet unlike the British government in Ireland, it actually functioned: it borrowed money, collected taxes, made its own laws and enforced them. It had the power of life and death: if it discovered a spy or a traitor he died within the week. And when the British finally withdrew their officials, the hidden government was ready to step into the open and rule in its own right.

The Irish rebels succeeded, or partly succeeded, because they could count on the support of the nation at large. But the active element in the revolution consisted of the organizers like O Malley who were "on the run" with a price on their heads. To themselves they were "the boys," and boys they were in sober truth: few of them were older than twenty-five, even the brigade commanders. Again without explanations, O Malley makes you understand their psychology. They were essentially poets, even when planning a raid or an execution. Their revolt continued the Irish literary renaissance, extending it into the world of action. Other revolutionists have been moved by personal wrongs or by dreams of Utopia or by a Marxian view of the class struggle, but "the boys" were moved by Irish history and legend. They spoke of the ancient Irish heroes by their first names, as comrades. They sang the old Irish songs, and new songs were continually being written about their deeds—"Many of us could hardly see ourselves," O Malley says, "for the legends built up around us." Living in a legend, they submitted themselves to its hardships, sleeping in the bogs and living on potatoes washed down with "strong tea that a mouse could trot on." They faced death almost daily, and each of them faced it impersonally, as if it were not himself but a legendary hero who was dying.

O Malley tells their story and his own with an occasional note of bitterness and contempt for the readers who will enjoy it round a comfortable fireside. He quotes the Irish proverb, "It's easy to sleep on another man's wound." Yet for the most part his book has a curious springtime atmosphere, almost like that of medieval romances. "The boys" were happy as they fought: all their senses were heightened by the nearness of death. The country they defended was loved and valued in a tangible fashion: every hedge was a possible ambush, every bank was a cover for riflemen, every cottage concealed a friend or a spy or a bed for the night. With every death in their own ranks, the survivors drew closer together—"We were very glad to know that our friends were still alive and when we met them, affection was not hidden." During the years of this story—which ends with the truce in 1921—O Malley and his friends came very close to leading the good life as it is conceived by modern men of action. And if a note of bitterness sometimes creeps in, it is really intruding from a later period when "the boys"

[1] Army Without Banners: Adventures of an Irish Volunteer, by Ernie O Malley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 413 pages. $3.50.

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quarreled among themselves, and their clear purpose was clouded and the Irish Republican Army was outlawed and suppressed by other Irishmen.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Recovery: Why and How Long

The Recovery Problem in the United States. Washington, D. C.: The Brookings Institution. 709 pages. $4.

THERE are scholars engaged in spinning economic theory, others in digging statistics. There are many amateurs busy giving economic advice, without too much knowledge either of theory or of data. It is the peculiar province of the Brookings Institution to mobilize about problems of action the talent of persons conversant with theory and statistics. In the beginning it was described as a sort of volunteer Economic General Staff. Its connection with those responsible for policy in either business or government is perhaps too tenuous for that, but it does tackle the risky and useful job of making practical though necessarily rough judgments on the basis of reliable information.

The present book exhibits both the virtues and the faults characteristic of the Institution's work. In it is accumulated and interpreted a vast amount of data relevant to the course of the depression and the recovery throughout the world, and particularly in the United States. It contains illuminating though for the most part brief and superficial discussions of important problem areas, such as unemployment, the developments in production, wages and prices, accumulated needs for durable goods, governmental finance, monetary problems, international trade. It pulls these threads together in a series of recommendations for broad policy.

The chief virtues of this procedure are that it brings to the knowledge of the reader certain incontrovertible facts often ignored in popular discussion, that it undermines single-track panaceas by showing how many and how complex factors are involved in the total situation, that it shows something about the way in which these factors are interrelated, and that it suggests what ought to be done. The faults are that at almost no place is the examination of a problem complete or critical enough to avoid possibility of error or to penetrate to anything resembling an organic theory, that many judgments are thrown off that are open to question—one wonders even if the staff of the Institution itself would be unanimous about all of them—and that the policies advocated seem to be curiously unrelated with a sense of how the economic order actually behaves or what changing its behavior really involves. It is almost as if the authors assumed that after a few sensible men sitting around a table had decided what ought to be done to make things work well, business and government, thus enlightened, could quite simply go ahead and do it. In this sense, the Institution seems at times to be living in a dream world, ignoring the fact that a turbulent and disordered social complex needs something more than good advice.

Among the more important and better substantiated judgments of the study are the following: that the history of the depression affords no test of the relative merits of a policy of laissez-faire and a policy of governmental intervention, since all governments intervened and were compelled to do so, at least to the extent of defensive measures against the ravages of depression; that the various kinds of intervention and the various results are so intermingled and confused that no obvious conclusion emerges from the broad facts concerning the best type of intervention; that serious maladjustments in international economic relationships caused by the War and the depression have not been corrected; that large unemployment accompanies the "normal" development of recovery; that if the United States were to make up for the accumulated deficit of durable goods and were to produce as much per capita as in 1929, the available labor supply could be kept busy without further shortening of hours; that if the average level of living is to rise enough to give everyone full employment it is necessary to keep prices down and wages up rather than permitting a speculative inflation; that the burden of the public debt is not insupportable if prosperity returns.

News reports at the time of publication implied that the Brookings Institution supported the Hoover thesis that the depression ended in 1932 and that recovery would have continued uninterrupted if it had not been for the New Deal. These reports do not appear to be substantiated by a careful study of the text. Neither does the study approve all the New Deal measures.

The book points to a danger in the continuance of deficit financing and urges an early balance of the budget, which it says is possible "by resolute action in curtailing wasteful and unnecessary federal expenditures." It does not examine the difficulty of reducing unemployment relief sufficiently if business does not behave in such a way as rapidly to absorb the unemployed. It probably would be a fairer judgment here to say that balancing the budget is possible if production rises sufficiently both to increase tax yields and reduce relief necessities, but that the primary responsibility rests upon private industry rather than upon government.

The study indicates that we can have full employment, a rising standard of living and immunity from economic relapse if business will devote gains in productivity to lower prices and higher real wages rather than to larger profit margins, if everybody will avoid output restriction, price-raising and speculation, if new savings are allowed to flow into necessary investments in production, if the banks carry out a wise credit policy, if government balances the budget, if barriers to foreign trade are lowered and sound international monetary and fiscal policies are followed, and if there is no war. The book throws little light on the more fundamental questions which concern why all these things are not likely to happen.

GEORGE SOULE.

Optimist Bites War

Viewed Without Alarm: Europe Today, by Walter Millis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 79 pages. $1.25.

WALTER MILLIS, a member of the staff of The New York Herald Tribune and author, among other books, of "The Road to War," which described America's entry into Armageddon, went to Europe last autumn. This slender book gives his impressions of several countries and of some international questions. He was impressed by the might of Britain as reflected in prosperous and powerful London; he had the first visitor's mixed response to Soviet Russia; he watched some German military maneuvers and was struck by the novel character of present-day tactics. The thing about his book that has attracted most attention is the prediction implicit in his title, that another European war may not come, after all, or at least may be long postponed. Since nearly every other observer of international affairs is predicting war "within a year or two," his book is news under the famous old Dana definition.

I hope he is right and so, of course, does everyone else; but I would give less weight to his reasons than Mr. Millis

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does. He believes France is estopped from attacking Germany by fear that Great Britain might not assist her. But France is not an element of danger in any case; both government and people want peace. He thinks Germany is estopped by the fear that Great Britain might be an enemy and the hope that if she waits long enough, London might become her ally. But Hitler has successfully defied Britain so often of late that it has become almost a habit; and Mr. Millis' argument turns on the supposition that Der Führer can afford to wait indefinitely, which may not be true. The author argues that with technological change, the outcome of any war is now unpredictable and that this has frightened the military men. He suggests that the Germans, in particular, wish at all cost to avoid the necessity of fighting on two fronts at once—*i. e.,* France and Soviet Russia. But here again, he assumes that the General Staff has an important vote on the date of beginning a war, which history shows us doesn't always happen. He thinks Britain is prepared to accept a rebel victory in Spain, and perhaps the German seizure of Czechoslovakia and Poland, rather than to try to prevent these things by fighting. Recent events seem to support his hypothesis, but not the necessary corollary that France and Russia would also accept such developments.

Perhaps the chief point at which this reviewer would disagree with Mr. Millis is his implicit assumption that war and peace are the result of deliberate planning. This seems to me to suppose a far greater degree of conscious direction, a longer look ahead, than is consistent with historic fact. So far as I know, nations almost never want war. All they want is to pursue national policies that interfere with the policies of other nations. As the conflict becomes sharper, it produces a fog of patriotic emotion; you get a situation like that of two excited small boys with chips on their shoulders daring each other to knock them off. To be sure, war does not invariably result when two countries begin making faces at each other; but this is not because the General Staff is afraid of airplanes or English policy is uncertain. Mr. Millis may be right; but if so, I feel that it is for the wrong reasons.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Pascal's Genius

Pascal: The Life of Genius, by Morris Bishop. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 410 pages. $3.50.

BLAISE PASCAL was a universal man of the Leonardo type: he combined in one personality the attributes of inventor, physicist, mathematician, man of the world, mystic and philosopher. Today he is too often thought of only as the author of the "Pensées," and in connection with Port Royal Jansenism, but Mr. Bishop deals also with other equally important facets of his character: with his fatherhood of the calculating machine, with his work on the vacuum, with his theories of conics and the cycloid, with his mystical experiences and with his unachieved masterpiece, the "Apology," for which the famous "Pensées" were but the bare notes.

Pascal, like his contemporary Descartes, was a product of three eras, and in him are found a medieval concern with spiritual matters, a Renaissance preoccupation with secular learning, and traces of the Calvinistic theology of the Reformation. Mr. Bishop has solved some of the difficulties in this many-sided problem in biography, but no man could deal adequately with all aspects of Pascal's genius. The most valuable portion of this book is a careful reconstruction of the "Apology" from the "Pensées." The detailed treatment of the Jesuit-Jansenist controversy is of great interest, and Mr. Bishop clarifies the importance of the "Lettres Provinciales" in French social, spiritual and literary history. Some phases of Pascal, notably his mysticism, are dealt with haltingly and somewhat superficially but, despite these weaknesses, the picture of the man that emerges from these pages is as full as any writer could hope to compass in a single volume.

MASON WADE.

The Second World War

Preface to Chaos, by C. Hartley Grattan. New York: Dodge Publishing Company. 357 pages. $3.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN describes his "Preface to Chaos" as "a book of opinion." It is much more than that. It is a dispassionate, although definitely partisan, summary of facts, conclusions *and* opinions on war, most of which have been advanced before, although not always so well. Mr. Grattan's own earlier book, "Why We Fought," published in 1929, was, as he points out, "the pioneer work in the field." He now brings the subject up to date. In doing so he presents a concise analysis of the causes for America's participation in the last war, which he invariably refers to as the First World War; of the inexorable forces which under capitalism make war inevitable; and of the specific policies which are leading all the major powers of the world directly into another war, already named the Second World War. To this analysis he adds some interesting prophecies, not merely on the character of the next war, but on the revolutions he thinks will inevitably follow it. The final chapter in the book is entitled "After the Next War: Revolutions?" The question mark, the author hastens to say, is "completely rhetorical," for "There is not the slightest doubt that what the world calls 'revolutions' will occur in many countries after the Second World War." In fact, he ventures to predict concretely that after the next war France, Germany and Japan, like the USSR, will be under communism; Italy will still have a military dictatorship, albeit a "shaky" one; Great Britain will have left "democratic" socialism; and the United States "democratic" fascism.

Approximately one-third of the book is devoted to a factual presentation of the state of war preparedness achieved to date by the seven world powers. Although this is the dullest part of the book, it is undoubtedly the most valuable as a source of conveniently compiled pertinent data. Efforts to prevent war—peace pacts, neutrality legislation, trade agreements, non-recognition of territory acquired through aggression, and the "good neighbor" policy—all these the thesis deems futile. They may serve as "hurdles" to delay the drive toward war, they cannot stop it.

Those who hope to maintain peace within the framework of the capitalist system will find their plans badly punctured. On the other hand, those who are committed, as is Mr. Grattan, to the theory that capitalism is a dying order, and must be replaced by a collectivist society, which the author "is not reluctant to call communism," will find in the book a distinct note of optimism. Mr. Grattan finds ample reason for uncertainty and concern over what will be done with the "revolutionary situations," but with Marx he *hopes* that "in the final moment of testing" mankind will not fail to write its own history. The contrary point of view is to be found in H. G. Wells, who in "The Shape of Things to Come" sees nothing but gloom and destruction ahead. "As between Wells and Marx," says the author, "what worth-while man will hesitate in his choice?"

ROSE M. STEIN.

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They Can't Get Rich

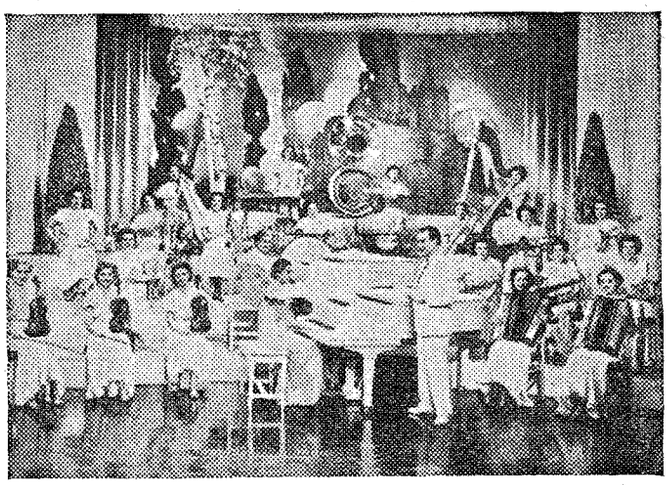
The Negro as Capitalist, by Abram L. Harris. Philadelphia: The American Academy of Political and Social Science. 205 pages. $2.75.

PROFESSOR Abram L. Harris of Howard University has written a dispassionate analysis of the efforts made to save the Negro by developing business enterprise on a racial basis. He believes that the proposals for Negro banks and coöperative societies, and for businesses employing only Negroes, belong in the same category as the attempts of the white laboring class to obtain the advantages while avoiding the evils of capitalism by itself invading the capitalist field. All such schemes, Mr. Harris concludes, are foredoomed to failure and some of them are downright vicious. The Negro efforts in this direction suffer under the special disadvantage of the color line, which makes Negro business of necessity small in scale and precarious, and keeps the purchasing power and surplus capital of the race extremely low.

The material upon which Mr. Harris bases his analysis is drawn primarily from the field of banking. This, with insurance, constitutes the most important type of Negro business from the standpoint of capital invested. Unfortunately he was unable to obtain data on banks which are still operating. His account of the Negro-owned banks from their inception in 1888 is a story of disastrous real-estate speculation and sordid activities, as well as an enlightening commentary on the inefficiency uniformly manifested by such enterprises. Despite an excess of statistical detail and an overworking of the familiar arguments for branch banking as against small-scale banking, the broad outlines of the story are clear. Professor Harris shows how race prejudice has been used to exploit the mass of the Negroes for the aggrandizement of a few, and how the meager savings of the masses have been tapped to support the promoters for a while in the standard of living to which only their prototypes in similar white enterprises had been accustomed. Even the small-scale Negro financial undertakings which momentarily throve on this movement were eventually forced to the wall by the impersonal play of larger white interests. It was on these, in the final reckoning, that the Negro banks depended to maintain and extend their uncertain real-estate operations and speculations. The final result was the same—whether, as in the case of the former Pullman porter Jesse Binga, of the Binga Bank of Chicago, the white bankers at last let the promoter know that he was no banker, or whether they began by heavily underwriting the activities of a Negro banker whom they considered a financial wizard and then, after a point, stopped. Such was the case of Edward C. Brown of the two Philadelphia banks, the Brown and Stevens and the Cosmopolitan State Bank.

Mr. Harris also deals severely with the other racial "solutions." He rejects coöperative schemes as ineffective and costly. He condemns the boycotting of enterprises situated in Negro districts but not employing Negroes as a device that lands its supporters in deplorable race chauvinism. Mr. Harris presents little supporting evidence for his strictly economic argument that a successful boycott hurts more Negroes employed in white enterprises than it helps Negroes employed in purely Negro businesses. In general, there should have been more material to bolster his broad generalizations outside the field of banking. However, "The Negro as Capitalist" is a pioneer study of a controversy which has been all too easily confused and obscured by racial polemics.

JOSEPH DORFMAN.



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Dangerous Radical

Sam Adams: Pioneer in Propaganda, by John C. Miller. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 437 pages. $4.

WHEN John Adams went to Paris as representative of the Revolutionary government he had to explain that he was not "the famous Adams" but only his humble cousin. After the passage of 160 years, John's reputation is secure and serene, while Sam is feared in history almost as much as he was in life. He is the man about whom the textbooks have to lie the most in order to make him acceptable; every year he is proposed for the Hall of Fame and every year is voted down. The instinct of conservatives is wonderfully sound; they can spot even a dead man and Sam Adams is one of the most restless of the dead. Now that Mr. John C. Miller has written this fine and impartial biography of him, the Red-baiters will have a chance to know what a real American radical looks like; they should find comfort in measuring against him the lesser men who now frighten them.

Adams had a passionate and almost mystic faith in revolution *per se;* he so hated all the slowly freezing forms of governmental control that the Anarchists might claim him as a forerunner. As an agitator for the Rights of Man, he was without parallel. He was unscrupulous; he teased his enemy on and then caught him napping; he provoked acts of individual terror; he had an uncanny skill for putting the blame upon the innocent; he incited the Boston Tea Party by coaxing the ships into port with promise of negotiations and then inflamed his followers to dump the tea by telling them that the Pennsylvanians and New Yorkers had already dumped their tea (a cunning lie) and that Boston would lose her place as center of the revolution if they did not immediately commit an act of violence. He forged one of the most powerful revolutionary weapons ever known: the Committees of Correspondence, a device to which Marx paid tribute by copying it and which The Massachusetts Gazette called, with reason, the "foulest, subtlest and most venomous serpent ever issued from the egg of sedition."

But the Revolution itself did not make Adams happy. He distrusted the new men in power; he fought centralization; he always wanted to go farther. There were too many land-owning farmers in the picture now; they ignored his eloquence; Adams, as always, could make himself understood only by the city masses. Mr. Miller goes astray in suggesting that Adams' Puritanism explained his disapproval of the "gay idle People" whom the Revolution brought into prominence. By instinct he hated the planting and merchant class now claiming its new privileges; his heart remained with the wharf-hands and rope-makers who had been his Sons of Liberty. Not a deep political thinker, not a man able to view in their entirety the vast forces he had started moving in the name of freedom, he was at first infuriated and then broken by the rise of the domestic bourgeoisie. Then the French Revolution rekindled the old fires. He formed Jacobin Clubs and paraded through the streets of Boston wearing a liberty cap with a French tricolor cockade. He unleashed his fury on Hamilton and his Federalists and declared publicly that true republicans in the United States would soon start a second revolution to follow the example of France. But the Federalists forced him out of the governorship and he retired from public life, a sick and palsied old man, his confused dream of a "free society of men" still burning within him.

Mr. Miller has written an excellent biography and one that has much meaning for our times. As for its readability, my main objection is that he quotes so often and uses so many footnotes that every page looks as if it had a three-day growth of beard. Footnotes are a concession to pedants; the eye gets tired of running downstairs to find nobody at the door.

JOHN HYDE PRESTON.

A Mexican Village

Mitla: Town of the Souls and Other Zapoteco-Speaking Pueblos of Oaxaca, Mexico, by Elsie Clews Parsons. The University of Chicago Press. 609 pages. $4.

IN RECENT times anthropologists, particularly American anthropologists, have paid much attention to problems of acculturation—not only to the mutual influence under which primitive cultures develop but also to those related to the contact between white and primitive. It is probably not a chance that this study has developed most vigorously in our country, for many problems of assimilation beset us. There are the streams of immigrants from all parts of the world, the Negro, the Indian. Each one presents the problem from a very practical point of view. The studies of Thomas on immigrants, Herskovits on Negroes, Redfield on Mexican Indians, Bunzel on Guatemala are examples. Dr. Parsons in her study of Mitla gives us a more than ordinarily interesting picture of the effect of Hispanization on Zapotecan communities.

A small town in southern Mexico, renowned for its magnificent temple ruins, is presented to us by the author in a charming picture, the result of close associations with the public and family life of the natives. The rich contents of the book cannot be summarized. The town and its population, economic life, family and personal life, government, religion, calendar, shrines and rites, lore and tales, visitors from neighboring regions and town gossip are discussed in order. The most attractive chapter is the attempt to discriminate between what is Indian and what Spanish. The similarity of certain customs and beliefs in Spain and ancient Mexico is so perplexing that it leaves an investigator as keen and experienced as Dr. Parsons often at a loss to decide what is aboriginal and what imported. Beliefs in witchcraft, the rites connected with the use of incense, traits of political organization are in many respects alike in external features, and show how under similar stresses similar types of behavior and thought may develop.

Of greatest interest is the author's discussion of the selective process of assimilation. She points out how even in the close contact between Spaniard and Indian many of the important cultural traits survive because the groups that come into contact do not participate in all activities, and that in some of these there is actually no contact and no direct influence. She shows that this applies particularly to the house life and the life of the women. The detailed discussion of the intrusion of ancient ideas into the religious rites imposed by the Catholic Church, leading to an entirely un-Catholic conception of religious dogma and ritual, is particularly effective. Thus, the idea that prayers are not said for the dead but are addressed to the dead illustrates the complete misunderstanding of the Catholic attitude. The mode of participation in public life that provides for each individual routine duties in the communal cycle of activities and ceremonials is decidedly reminiscent of such behavior among the Pueblo Indians and ancient Mexicans.

Although devoted to one particular town the book should be widely read because it has a direct bearing upon fundamental social and political problems. Both radicals and conservatives should study its teachings. It shows that the

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attempt to remodel social life according to new dogmas or theories and to do away completely with the old is an impossible task, for the fundamental cultural attitudes can only be changed by very slow and laborious processes. It is equally instructive for the conservative who believes in the permanence of institutions, for it shows how easily the contents of culture are modified, and that under the pressure of outer or inner conditions they will yield no matter how strong the resistance may be—an observation that it will be well for us to take to heart. FRANZ BOAS.

Books in Brief

The Best Plays of 1935-36, and the Yearbook of the Drama in America, edited by Burns Mantle. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 561 pages. $3.

BURNS MANTLE goes on from year to year, and the contents of his books don't change much: they generally include the best the commercial theatre has to offer. Now and then Mr. Mantle's limitations become apparent, as in his omission of "Let Freedom Ring" from the present edition; that play might have fitted the "best" concept more snugly than, say, a comedy of the moment like "Boy Meets Girl." But, in the main, Mr. Mantle is fair, and relatively accurate; at least he does as good a job as perhaps any of the other daily critics of the commercial theatre could do. His summaries and statistics are interesting and informative, as are the reviews of the season in San Francisco and Southern California by Fred Johnson and Edwin Schallert. The foul place in the book is the article on the Chicago season, by Charles Collins, who might best be explained as typical of the paper he writes for—The Chicago Tribune. Here is Mr. Collins on Mayor Kelly's suppression of "Tobacco Road": "The liberals raged; the free speechers foamed at the mouth; the censor-chasers, the minor intelligentsia, the college profs, the star-eyed idealists, the socialists, the communists, the rakes, bawds and Rabelaisians were highly indignant." If Mr. Collins wants to say he doesn't like "Tobacco Road," he is entitled to; but his attack on those who happen to disagree with him gives Mr. Mantle's book an unnecessary touch of billingsgate. H. T. M.

Into This Universe: The Story of Human Birth, by Alan Frank Guttmacher. New York: The Viking Press. 379 pages, illustrated. $2.75.

It would seem that "popular" science can go no farther than does this fascinating volume by the author of "Life in the Making." For here, genially narrated for the world —and, of course, his wife—to read, are a few of the more dramatic secrets of obstetrics and gynecology. Dr. Guttmacher, of Johns Hopkins, writes with gusto and authority on such matters as pregnancy, the dynamics and mechanics of gestation, the foetus and embryo (which, incidentally, do *not* receive any blood from the mother directly); maternal impressions, pre-natal care, labor pains, methods of "presentation" of the foetus, the technique of delivery. There is also much concerning the diseases of pregnancy, complications of childbirth, obstetrical operations (including the vastly improved Caesarian section), and the care of both mother and child after birth. An astonishing variety of curious lore is presented; anecdote alternates with statistics drawn from the most reliable sources; legends are checked against sober fact, and the whole is woven into a story of absorbing interest. But Dr. Guttmacher is careful to warn his readers not to regard any part of his book

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as a proper substitute for qualified medical advice in individual cases. For on the subject of obstetrics "a little wisdom" may be not merely dangerous but fatal.

H. W.

Level Crossing, by Phyllis Bottome. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

"Level Crossing" is a melodramatic pastime novel, a kind of frivolous fable about the value of *noblesse oblige* in the modern world. Deirdre Conroy, a Scotch girl formed in the code of privilege and chivalry, marries the American Jim Lane, who distrusts privilege and makes his own career, in spite of his father's great wealth. Ten days before Deirdre's baby is due, she quarrels with Jim's power-loving mother, and runs away from the parental mansion to her own unfinished house, and there she is kidnaped by gangsters. Her baby is born in the kidnapers' hideout, two of the gangsters help her escape, and she finds sanctuary at a lion-farm. When rescued, she refuses to betray the two who have saved her life and the life of her child, holding to her old belief in honor among individuals, and moved by her new realization that you cannot kill, in the name of social justice, creatures made criminal by social injustice. Such an expert in light fiction as Miss Bottome creates a world more unlike, yet more suggestive of, the world of real humanity than the old silent films. Through most of "Level Crossing" we are in that world: the characters have a specialized but convincing vitality, their oversimplified reactions are illuminated by the wit of the author. But the whole gangster episode is an awkward and fantastic allegory which robs the book's comedy of substance, its action of plausibility and its sociological comment of any value whatever.

S. J. R.

Contributors

CHARLES A. BEARD has written numerous books and articles on history, economics and politics, particularly in the field of American history. His most recent book is "The Discussion of Human Affairs."

THOMAS WOLFE is the author of "Look Homeward Angel," "Of Time and the River" and other books. He recently returned from Germany, where his books are well known. He is at present engaged on a long novel to which he has given the tentative title "The Life and Times of Joseph Doaks."

MASON WADE lives in Connecticut and writes reviews and critical articles for various magazines.

ROSE M. STEIN is the author of "M-Day," published last fall by Harcourt, Brace. It was based largely on the findings of the Senate Munitions Committee, with which she was associated for a time.

JOSEPH DORFMAN, author of "Thorstein Veblen and His America," is a member of the Economics Department of Columbia University. He is at present working on a book to be called "The Development of American Economic Thought."

JOHN HYDE PRESTON, author of a biography of Mad Anthony Wayne and a biographical history, "Revolution: 1776," is now engaged in research for a history of the Civil War.

FRANZ BOAS, professor of Anthropology at Columbia University, is the author of many widely known books on ethnology and anthropology.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Harry Thornton Moore, Harold Ward and Stella J. Roof.

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